

★ JOHN BULL, SEPTEMBER 14, 1940.

TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXVIII
1787

**BRITAIN
IN
BATTLE
DRESS**
Maurice Fagence

**AIR RAIDS!
£1,000
CLAIMS PAID
THIS WEEK**

**CHAINED TO THE WASH BOWL!
POOR LITTLE ME!
WON'T SOMEONE TELL ME
HOW TO GET FREE?**



**I'LL TELL YOU HOW, MISS!
DON'T LOOK SO TRAGIC,
OXYDOL WASHES-UP
DISHES LIKE MAGIC!**



“Yes, it's a fact—this amazing new granulated soap, Oxydol, actually does washing-up in *half* the time you've been taking. You see, when you use Oxydol, you don't need to wipe: just rinse the things under the tap and leave them to dry themselves. What a sparkle Oxydol puts on glass and china! Why, Oxydol's double lather shifts grease like magic! And another thing: you'll find Oxydol saves you hard cash. A package of Oxydol goes so much farther, you do twice as much washing-up for your money. You'll like the gentle way Oxydol lather treats your hands, too! So, buy yourself a package of Oxydol today! With Oxydol on the draining board you'll never be chained to that old wash-bowl again!”

OXYDOL

**BUY THE GIANT SHILLING SIZE—IT'S THE
BIGGEST MONEY-SAVER OF ALL.**

OXYDOL IS ON SALE
AT ALL SHOPS:
1/-, 6d. AND 3½d.

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER

*If it's
chocolate
it's FOOD**

CADBURY'S MILK CHOCOLATE has all the 3 food properties which the Ministry of Food are urging us to include in our daily diet.

- ★ 1. IT'S AN ENERGY FOOD because Cadbury's Milk Chocolate contains *carbohydrates* and *fats*.
- ★ 2. IT'S A BODY-BUILDING FOOD because Cadbury's Milk Chocolate contains *proteins*.
- ★ 3. IT'S A PROTECTIVE FOOD because Cadbury's Milk Chocolate contains natural vitamins A, B and D, minerals, calcium and phosphorus.

So remember, a block of chocolate represents a compact meal of the essentials your health requires in wartime.



CADBURY'S
MILK CHOCOLATE

MINISTRY



OF FOOD

THE WEEK'S FOOD FACTS No. 7

Tear out this advertisement and pin it up in your kitchen with the others in the series.



EVERYONE knows that we must eat for energy, and for building or rebuilding our bodies. But do you know that we can eat also to *protect ourselves from illness*? Science has discovered that some foods rich in vitamins and mineral salts increase resistance to infections.

All the foods in the panel below are of this kind: they are *protective foods*. They are nature's "tonics" and nature's "medicines". They should be part of your diet as much as the body-building and energy foods. Begin to eat wisely now for the sake of your health in the winter.

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

Do you listen-in to the hints and recipes given at 8.15 every morning on the Wireless?

CHIEF PROTECTIVE FOODS

Milk	Potatoes
Butter or Margarine	Green Vegetables (fresh or canned but not dried)
Cheese	Salads
Eggs	Fruit (fresh or canned but not dried)
Herrings (fresh, canned or salt)	Carrots
Salmon (fresh or canned)	Tomatoes
Liver	Wholemeal Bread

HOW TO DRY PLUMS.

The whole secret of drying plums is in drying them *slowly*. First wash your fruit and arrange on muslin-covered racks or wire trays. Dry as slowly as possible, at never more than 120°F. Use, on several consecutive days, the heat left in your oven after cooking. Keep the oven door ajar. After about 15 hours' drying, test by squeezing a plum gently. If the skin doesn't break, the fruit is ready. Allow to cool for 12 hours and then pack in jars.

A NEW SALAD. Wash and drain a crisp lettuce, put it in a bowl and pour over it a dressing made by mixing thoroughly 2 tablespoonfuls salad oil, 1 tablespoonful vinegar with salt and pepper to taste. Turn the lettuce over and over in the dressing with a wooden spoon; then line your bowl with it. Pile in the middle a grated raw carrot, a chopped apple, a cupful of cooked diced potatoes, and decorate with chopped mint and a small chopped onion.

THE BLACKBERRY CROP

Blackberries are ripening fast all over the country. Don't neglect this good and health-giving fruit. Try to organise blackberry-picking parties—but take care to close all gates and avoid trampling on crops.

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, September 14, 1940,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"



WE WILL NOT CRACK

NOW we know what Hitler's threat means. We see his greatest onslaught against us in progress. We can be sure that he is prepared to risk everything in a supreme effort to snatch a snap victory.

And we see Britain's confidence being justified; we see more clearly than ever before that the odds are in our favour.

Significant that this view is now held by a Power so friendly to the Axis as Japan, by the weak Balkan States that recently were trying to mollify Hitler because they thought he had a good chance of beating us.

Hard Times Ahead

There is no sense in belittling the fury of history's biggest battle in which we are engaged.

We shall have to fight hard and screw our courage to the sticking point. We must expect anxious moments in the Middle East; must endure a blitzkrieg at home.

But we shall not crack.

Nazis Admit It

Foreign observers report that even high Nazi leaders have begun to realise the certainty of their defeat.

Their chief worry is no longer the economic position, but the military situation—a factor they would have laughed to scorn a few months ago.

Secret Service Triumph

Mr. Churchill's revelation that we are "far nearer" air parity was based on indisputable figures.

Incidentally, the British Secret Service has regained its efficiency of the last war; leakages of vital information have caused something like consternation to Himmler and his Gestapo.

What They Hoped

It was taken for granted that the air raids on Britain would have caused destruction as terrible as that wreaked by smaller forces in Poland, Holland and France.

It was not foreseen by Hitler that we should be able to double our Mediterranean Fleet, and thus stop a walk-over in Egypt by the Italians.

Another shock to Berlin has been the extent of American aid to Britain. Half a million rifles in one month is a single item in a long list.

Indeed, the Axis now expects the United States to toss into the Atlantic the last vestiges of her neutrality before the year is ended.

Meet Blast Alone

But even before that time the battle will be decided. We must meet the full force of the blitzkrieg alone.

Better that it should be so.

In the next two months we must strengthen our defences still further, increase our preparations for our coming offensive.

The Minor Chinks

It would be idle to pretend that there are not minor chinks in our armour. Blame for one must be laid, not upon the Government, but upon the people.

Rumour is rife after every air raid. Because most of us like to appear well informed, exaggeration is allowed to help the Nazis.

Swat those Flies

Districts in which not a single bomb has fallen are said to have been strafed. Gun-flashes are magnified into explosions.

A bomb-rack clatters harmlessly into a Hampstead street. Within twenty-four hours it has been miraculously converted into "bombs and wrecked aircraft on Hampstead Heath"; sightseers throng to the district.

A few windows are broken in a great provincial store.

The story is spread that the whole shop is demolished.

Fifth Columnists!

Every Midlands city is supposed to have been the scene of an A.R.P. scandal. It is said that an ambulance could not take raid victims to hospital because it had not been allowed enough petrol.

That is a lie.

Did it arise through ignorant chatter or a deliberate attempt by Fifth Columnists to arouse the public's anger and thus weaken their faith in our leaders?

At any rate, the moral is clear.

BRIGHT SPOTS

● Don't expect anti-aircraft guns to fire every time raiders appear. Sometimes they're silent for good reason. Raiders have a hot time none the less.

● Experts are delighted with quality as well as quantity of arms arriving from the United States.

● Stalin is busy in Greece, hitherto anti-Russian. Adolf and Benito are fuming, fearing the safeguarding of another hoped-for "Axis sphere of influence."

● Thousands of Germans are leaving Berlin every day, many of them going to Paris, where they think they may be safe from British bombs. Among them is Frau Goebbels.

● Himmler fears a Czech rising in Prague, is drafting extra Gestapo men there.

● French miners are working ca'canny, so that coal shall not reach Germany in large quantities; are remaining loyal to their unions despite Nazi threats.

● German doctors fear epidemics of skin diseases during winter through soap shortage.

● Mutiny in Italian navy is not unlikely. Fleet refused to leave harbour when ordered out to take reprisals for the bombardment of Bardia.

● Italian airmen, too, are far from happy. They refuse to fight at night, despite Gayda's assurance to the public that five British towns would be attacked for every Italian city bombed.

● Nazi leaders have been attacked in the black-out since R.A.F. raids were intensified. So new regulation bans any reference to the whereabouts of Hitler or any of his advisers.

There are still Defects

There are enough defects still to remedy without inventing grievances.

The Ministry of Home Security and local officials are still slow-moving pawns on the chessboard of war.

JOHN BULL indicts them for failing to provide gas-mask filters in many districts.

Barry Dock, Penzance, Devonshire, parts of Yorkshire are still without protection against the gases that the Nazis have been manufacturing.

Is it thought that their residents are immune against poison, or that Hitler will not be able to spare any gas for them?

Nothing to Do

Unemployment continues.

More than three-quarters of a million people are workless.

Factories are on half-time, though Hitler will hardly oblige us by ordering half-measures against us.

Skilled workers are forced to loiter, are told by foremen to "fill in their time somehow" or to "keep out of the way for a couple of days."

This Is Our Fight

JOHN BULL brings all such complaints to the personal notice of the Ministers concerned. Nearly all are quickly remedied.

Write to us about any slackness in the nation's war effort.

If you find no improvement within a few weeks, write to us again. Then we shall deal publicly instead of privately with the scandal—and force a decision.

Remember that the greatest test of the coming weeks will be levelled not so much against our defences as against our morale.

We'll stick it out—and win.

Continued overleaf)

AIR RAIDS • BOMBARDMENT • INVASION

£1000 MORE CLAIMS PAID THIS WEEK!

Under "John Bull's" FREE WAR TIME INSURANCE, which provides a £200 Policy — underwritten at LLOYD'S — free for every reader

SEE PAGE 5

Coalowners Cash-in on Spitfire Fund; Sir John Anderson must "axe" Air-Raid Shelter Profiteers; German Professors now Help Britain; Rail Companies expect Passengers to make the Sacrifices; Officers who Interfere in Men's Private Affairs

(Continued from previous page)

COAL owners are cashing in on the Spitfire Fund. At least two large pits have notices stating that the men will be stopped a day's pay to buy Spitfires.

The men's agreement has not been sought.

Already buying Savings Certificates to the limit of their capacity, they can't afford to work an eight-hour shift for nothing.

Besides, this typical example of the owners' "generosity" raises a principle of the utmost importance.

Lord Beaverbrook and the Minister for Mines must intervene.

Otherwise there will be trouble.

Air-Raid Shelter Ramps

Profiteering in deck-chairs is being followed by a ramp in private air-raid shelters.

People not entitled to Anderson shelters are expected to pay as much as £30 for a small concrete hut.

Sir John Anderson should call in cost accountants to adjust fair prices for various types of shelter.

If profiteering then continues, he should widen the scope of the Prices of Goods Act and authorise prosecutions.

Planting a Hint

Next suggestion is offered by JOHN BULL to the War Cabinet.

Continue the leaflets campaign!

Let them be dropped throughout Europe by the bombers returning from their nightly targets. And let them consist of only five words:

FOOD COMES WHEN HITLER GOES.

Short of Brains, Too

Shortage of brains as well as food hampers the Nazi war effort, increases our own.

Number of German, Austrian and Czech doctors working in British health and casualty services has risen to 7,000.

They have brought with them Continental methods of treatment that are proving highly valuable.

Aliens are Helping

German professors, at Oxford, Durham, Manchester and other universities are engaged on scientific work of direct war importance.

Professor Schlesinger, who organised the Russian war industry, is now helping Britain at the Institute of Engineers.

Another scientist, who invented a process of casting large shells and bomb cascs, escaped from the Gestapo into Holland.

Eventually he reached London with the plans of his invention, which is now in use in our munition factories.

Professor Freund, who has fought cancer for fifty years, is now installed in a fine new laboratory at West London Hospital.

Fur Trade Comes Here

The great fur trade of Leipzig has shifted to Britain.

So has the leather bag industry, which to one Lancashire town alone has provided work for 750 British subjects.

Other German Jews have brought new trades for the distressed areas of the North-East and South Wales. Much obliged, Hitler!

Not Going to Lose

Notices on railway stations warn you that the companies will not be responsible for any delay, damage or loss caused by interruptions in train services.

In other words, they tell the public to make sacrifices because of the war. That's fair. But the companies are not prepared to make sacrifices.

They would rather start the vicious circle of inflation than drop a penny in revenue.

State Slow to Pay

So would the banks, whose loan charges are far too high.

The Government is partly to blame. It is slow to pay for goods supplied by farmers and other producers.

Though the farmer may be allowed to charge 3½ per cent. on the account to compensate him for the delay, he often has to borrow from the banks to carry on until the Government pays up.

And the bank charges him not 3½ per cent., but five.

Wives Not Allowed!

Are some commanding officers interfering in the private lives of their men?

Soldiers' brides, who have moved to towns or villages near military camps so that they can see their husbands at week-ends, allege that they have been asked to leave the district, and that pressure has been brought to bear on their husbands.

Unless King's Regulations have been quietly amended, no officer has any authority to act in this way. Perhaps the Adjutant-General will make a few enquiries?

Someone Blundered

Men of the 1906 class received notice to report at Hounslow on a Saturday afternoon for medical examination.

Arriving there, they found that the medical board hadn't sat on Saturday afternoons for weeks. They received notice on Monday that the first instruction had been cancelled.

But some of the men had lost an afternoon's pay.

Eat More Fruit!

Fruit and vegetables are rotting in many districts. Growers would be glad to sell beans, for example, at 6d. for forty pounds. Yet troops stationed near-by are sick of an unending diet of tinned food.



Now, can't the War Office set their experts to work on the good food that otherwise will be wasted?

Business for Sale

Best food story of the week, though, concerns a Lincolnshire fishmonger.

Writing to a wholesale merchant, he demands supplies of fish that are not caught by armed trawler or brought in under convey. Otherwise, he says, he'll quit business for the duration.

Balderdash

Even more egregious is the piffle uttered by Mr. Ronald Tree, M.P.

"If Hitler had only indulged a little in the fine sport of fox-hunting," says this ornament to public life, "Europe would not have been in the condition it is to-day."

You won't be surprised to hear, therefore, that Mr. Tree used to work at the Ministry of Information.

Perhaps Mr. Tree will be surprised to learn that the ex-Kaiser was an honorary member of six British hunts. And isn't Man-Mountain Goering an enthusiast for several kinds of hunting?

Just Careless

At London Bridge Station, during a raid warning, an elderly man had his head cut open by a "tin hat" carelessly slung off a warden's shoulder. There's a moral in that for the A.R.P. rank-and-file.

The injured man was taken to the first-aid post. "Sorry," said the attendant, "but we don't open till nine o'clock." There's a moral in that for the A.R.P. chiefs.

Sugar for What?

Blind spot in the Ministry of Food! Sugar for confectionery has been severely curtailed. But you can still buy icing mixture—the richest sugar known—at any big stores, and without ration counterfoils.

Was His Face Red?

Next hint is for the attention of price control committees.

A woman in a shop last week heard a commercial traveller saying to the proprietor, "Any candles, 2d. a dozen. You know what to do."

The shopkeeper turned red. He had been selling them to the woman—who has to depend on candles for light, and uses three a day—at the "specially reduced" price of a penny each.

Chance for Sea Life

Another opportunity to train for the Merchant Navy is open to young members of the JOHN BULL family.

Boys between sixteen and seventeen, who hanker for sea life and aim at becoming deck officers, can obtain particulars from the Officer-in-Charge, Prince of Wales' Hostel, Ingham Old Hall, near Norwich.

An Explanation

The Rev. W. Ernest Tilley has asked us to say that the publication he contemplated bringing out some months ago was a completely new one, and that he was not in any way connected with the promotion of a former publication which had gone into liquidation.

We wish to point out that our article of March 3 was not intended as a reflection upon his character and integrity, but was a criticism of his scheme only.

An Englishman's Home

SO MR. CHURCHILL HAS FOUND IT "PAINFUL TO SEE SOME HOUSE OR BUSINESS SMASHED BY ENEMY FIRE WITHOUT FEELING ASSURED WE ARE DOING OUR BEST TO SPREAD THE BURDEN."

WE DON'T WONDER. WE, TOO, HAVE FELT THAT WAY OURSELVES DURING THE RECENT WEEKS OF TESTING-TIME OF BRITISH COURAGE AND FORTITUDE.

FOR BEHIND THAT SMOOTH FAMILIAR ANNOUNCEMENT—"SOME DAMAGE WAS CAUSED TO RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY"—THERE HAS LURKED NOT ONLY ONE OF THE MAJOR TRAGEDIES, BUT ALSO ONE OF THE GRAVEST SCANDALS OF OUR WAR TIME ECONOMY.

EXCEPTING ONLY THE LOSS OF LOVED ONES, WHAT BLOW CAN BE MORE STUNNING TO ORDINARY PEOPLE THAN THE LOSS OF THEIR HOMES?

What can be more scandalous than the neglect and shameful exploitation of families made homeless through no fault of their own?

But those scandals have persisted.

Hundreds of such families have been neglected.

Many have been exploited.

And not even the wise and generous gesture of Mr. Churchill, whereby all damage by enemy action to the little man's goods and chattels will be made good, and not just a meagre proportion, will mean as much as he wants it to mean unless those scandals cease.

For what has been happening?

Broadly speaking, the little man who is a victim of the bombers had the right to expect from his local authority up to £50 for loss of furniture, up to £30 for loss of clothing.

It was a scale that represented stark ruin for working people who have scraped and saved and shown themselves good home-builders—as Mr. Churchill recognised in deciding that in future the grants shall be 100 per cent. of the damage, whatever that damage may be.

THAT BEING SO, EVERY UNFORTUNATE HOUSEHOLDER WHO HAS ALREADY BEEN COMPENSATED ON THAT PINCHBECK SCALE SHOULD BE GIVEN THE 100 PER CENT.

But there still remains the graver scandal of damaged property.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR By The Editor

Mr. Churchill thinks it "worth while" to reconsider the question of an air raid insurance scheme for property, and is getting the Chancellor to see if he can find a way.

He has got to find a way, for, really, this is more than "worth while." It is absolutely essential.

It has been laid down that if repairs to damaged property will cost more than £50, necessary repairs can be put in hand by local authorities and carried out with no immediate charge to owner or occupier.

In many districts these discretionary powers are being used intelligently and sympathetically by local authorities. In others they are not.

Unfortunately, the discretionary powers do not go far enough.

COUNCIL MEETINGS ARE FEW AND FAR BETWEEN.

EMERGENCY COMMITTEES, WHICH MIGHT CONCEIVABLY BE NECESSARY IN AN EMERGENCY, HAVE FREQUENTLY USURPED THE POWER OF THE LOCAL AUTHORITY.

BECAUSE SUCH COMMITTEES USUALLY CONSIST OF THE MAYOR, THE TOWN CLERK, AND, PERHAPS, ONE TAME COUNCILLOR, THE TOWN CLERK BECOMES IN PRACTICE THE LOCAL "GAULEITER," OR "LITTLE HITLER."

HE PROBABLY MEANS WELL, BUT IT IS OUTRAGEOUS THAT THE FATE OF ANY "ENGLISHMAN'S HOME" SHOULD DEPEND ON THE DECISION OF A SINGLE "BOSS."

"John Bull" opposes any system of relief that has to be granted through Public Assistance Committees.

Air raid victims seeking immediate assistance are not asking for charity. They ought to feel that they are merely demanding their strict rights.

AND "JOHN BULL" HAS YET TO HEAR OF ANY PUBLIC ASSISTANCE COMMITTEE ENCOURAGING SUCH A FEELING. THERE ARE MANY GOOD WORKERS ON THE PUBLIC ASSISTANCE COMMITTEES. OTHERS ARE NOT SO GOOD, GOOD OR BAD, THERE ARE FEW WHO LOOK ON THEMSELVES, IN THE TRUE SENSE OF THE TERM, AS "PUBLIC SERVANTS."

THE SYSTEM ENCOURAGES THEM TO THINK THAT THEY ARE DISPENSERS OF LARGESSE.

Remember the old slogan:—

"Charity? Curse your charity; give me justice!"

All the people of these islands, the gallant, dauntless, cheerful mass of a great fighting race, feel like that.

But what is happening to that small, unfortunate minority that happens to "cop it" when the German bombs fall?

LET us discuss a few of the hundreds of letters that have reached us.

In one district, not far from London, many poor people were made homeless in a single enemy raid.

In due course, an official from the Borough Engineer's Department "inspected" the damaged property,

informed several unfortunate occupants that their homes were no longer fit to live in.

A child could have told them.

They were ordered to vacate their premises at a few hours' notice. Yet Council officials blandly explained that they were not obliged to provide alternative accommodation.

So there was a rush to the offices of local estate agents. Property that had stood vacant at a given rent for months was offered at a substantial increase.

Desperate "refugees" were asked to sign long-term contracts.

Furniture removers (not only in this particular district but also generally) have increased their prices by anything from fifty to a hundred per cent. Sometimes they have insisted on cash in advance before they would consent to remove the remnants of treasured furniture from some partially demolished house to a new dwelling.

Is that a scandal, or isn't it?

In this particular area the local billeting officer explained that even though he could requisition accommodation for foreign refugees, he had no authority to do so for local inhabitants.

Do you begin to understand the measure of our indignation?

The general ruling seems to be that, when a house is totally destroyed, the owner or occupier can do nothing but lodge a claim for whatever compensation may be available after the war.

Tenants seem to be more fortunate than owner-occupiers buying their homes by instalments.

WHEN A TENANT IS BOMBED OUT OF HIS HOME, HE NEED PAY NO MORE RENT UNTIL HIS LANDLORD MAKES THAT HOME HABITABLE AGAIN.

WHEN THE OWNER-OCCUPIER IS BOMBED OUT, HE CAN HOPE FOR LITTLE BUT THOSE "URGENTLY NECESSARY REPAIRS" SANCTIONED BY THE LOCAL AUTHORITY.

EVEN THESE WILL BE CHARGED TO HIM FOR PAYMENT AFTER THE WAR; THE COST OF THEM WILL BE DEDUCTED FROM ANY COMPENSATION HE MAY RECEIVE.

WE know that the Government is no more able to sign a completely blank cheque than a private individual.

"JOHN BULL" APPROVES THE MAIN PRINCIPLE THAT COMPENSATION WILL BE PAID AFTER THE WAR IN STRICT PROPORTION TO THE TOTAL FUNDS THEN AVAILABLE.

BUT HUNDREDS OF UNHAPPY MEN AND WOMEN ARE COMPLETELY STRANDED IN THE MEANTIME.

When Germany is beaten we shall have to overcome a terrific housing shortage.

For that reason alone, it will pay us to make good all damage as soon as possible.

AT ALL COSTS WE NEED TO REHOUSE EVERY NEEDY VICTIM OF NAZI BOMBS WITHOUT DELAY.

WE MUST PROVIDE ALTERNATIVE ACCOMMODATION FREE, OR AT FAIR PRICES. WE MUST SEE TO THE REMOVAL, OR STORAGE, OF SALVAGED FURNITURE QUICKLY AND CHEAPLY.

We dare not permit any profiteering in any of these things.

OUR NEIGHBOURS ARE HOMELESS TO-DAY; SOME OF US MAY BE HOMELESS TO-MORROW.

Let us take this urgent problem entirely out of the hands of local authorities, and supply the Government with all necessary powers and ample funds to alleviate distress at once, and ensure justice, to the utmost limit of our national resources, after victory has been won.

The ample funds, the principle of sharing the blow more evenly over the population will perhaps come best from a property insurance scheme which Mr. Churchill has in mind.

But it must come! We shall then justify the ancient boast that "an Englishman's home is his castle."

"JOHN BULL" PAYS £1,000 MORE TO AIR RAID VICTIMS THIS WEEK

THE unremitting intensity of the air war over Great Britain has placed every civilian directly in the firing line. From day to day no one can predict where next the blow may fall.

With that promptitude which has always been the keynote of JOHN BULL's Free Insurance, the record sum of £1,000 has been paid during the past week to dependants of Air Raid victims.

These payments are made under JOHN BULL's Free Air Raid Insurance, which has recently been extended to cover the new perils with which we are now confronted.

JOHN BULL now offers free to every reader a £200 policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Invasion and Bombardment, in addition to comprehensive Household Benefits.

If you are already a registered reader of JOHN BULL you automatically qualify for the full range of this extended Free War-time Insurance. You need not re-register unless you have changed your address or newsagent.

If you have not yet registered you cannot afford to delay. Through lack of space due to the strict control of paper it has not been found possible recently to publish the necessary Registration Forms. These may be taken from issues of JOHN BULL before May of this year, or if you will put a postcard in the post to-day (revised postage 2d.) addressed to JOHN BULL's Insurance Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, the Registration Forms will be despatched by return.

Britain in Battledress

"Come the three corners of the world in arms, and we shall shock them . . ." Never were Shakespeare's words, long used by "John Bull" as its banner-line, given a better chance to prove their worth. And this tour of the industrial centres that have been bombed shows the proud, unquenchable courage with which Britons have met the enemy at their front doors

By MAURICE FAGENCE

I KNOW my Macaulay. I have read all about the heroes of Ancient Rome.

If you can remember one braver than Mrs. Burton, you might let me know.

Mrs. Burton comes into my story just ten seconds after an incident that I need not describe.

It was in the early morning when a number of German bomber pilots had taken refuge in the clouds because it is unhealthy for them to share the sky with Spitfires.

Peeping down through a rift in the cloud, they spotted the sort of target Nazi airmen dream about.

Bang in the middle of the big Midlands industrial city from which I write were four "aerodromes" surrounding a gasworks.

I don't know what sort of signal they gave to each other up there, 30,000 feet above the County Cricket, Rugby and Soccer grounds of three famous clubs, and a recreation ground known to local youngsters as "the Recky"—for that's what those four "aerodromes" really were—but I do know they dropped their bombs and flew for dear life.

Now, those bombs dropped many, many hundreds of yards away from their intended billet.

To be exact, they made a crude sort of circle round Mrs. Burton as she sheltered in her garden dug-out.

First she was lifted a few feet.

The earth roared in on her.

Finally, discerning a hole two feet by two between her and the blue sky, she pushed her head through it like a mole and said tartly to the sky:

"Young man, let me get hold of you. I'll make you smart!"

A.R.P. workers rushed up, grovelled in the loose soil to seize Mrs. Burton's 76-year-old shoulders.

She froze them with a glance.

"Stand back," she commanded. "Don't land a hand on me. I'm never drunk, and I never need support, thank you."

Fighting her way out of the hole unaided, she surveyed the scene of shattered fences and collapsed chicken-runs about her, and, before being rushed to the local Infirmary for an injuries test, she observed: "It is a great pity young men can't turn their education to better account."

THEY are all like that in the much-bombed industrial Midlands.

They are all in figurative battledress.

Not even Horatius, who defended Rome's Tiber bridge to the last, would shine over-much round here.

There is a factory, not so far from Mrs. Burton's shattered dug-out, where three thousand women are employed.

When they left their dug-outs after



Determined not to lose working-time in air raids, most factories now post watchers on the roof. They give the warning to "take cover" if things "get hot." Otherwise, the workers just keep on with the job.

that raid, the managing director issued a message to them. "Should any girl want to go home," and women of all ages are "girls" in these factories—"she may do so."

Five availed themselves of the offer. They were married women with three or more children at home, but they were all back within the hour.

Production went up 10 per cent. for the rest of that shift. And when the next shift arrived the number of absentees made a new low record for both peace time and war time.

The figure was: One!

Next a colliery town.

"It isn't easy to get the men down the mine if there's an air raid alarm on," said a pit official. "They want to stay up and see the fun. They just refused to go down once, when there was a dog-fight overhead."

"Oh, I know people should take cover—but they feel they are deserting if they go down while there's a raid on."

Hundreds of women in this town have been given a chance to go to safer areas. Not one accepted.

"Who's going to give our Tom his grub?" they ask.

Raid or no raid, not a pitman has gone out into the night without his hot drink. Not a pitman has come home and not found the kettle on the hob, and all the comforts he is used to.

And now a big city that has suffered considerably, yet not one-hundredth as much as Goebbels would have you believe.

ARRIVED a few hours after a raid.

According to the German official Radio, industrial plants "had been ruined, whole blocks of factories laid waste."

Well, I saw for myself. I should say it would take just about as many man-hours to put those factories right as it did to make the bombs dropped on them.

But the German official announcer made no mention of his bombers actually straddling a working-class district with bombs. They blew little homes to ruins. They buried shelters, but did little injury to the occupants.

They even added the effects of their machine-gun fire to the tumult—this on street on street of little all-in-a-row houses.

I was on the spot next morning.

I joined the groups that were talking in the streets.

Their typical British character was a little bit more bitter than usual. But a good deal more determined. Otherwise, their morale was as sound as ever.

Every now and then another resident would appear from nowhere.

"How's Mrs. Jameson?"

Silently the group would pick a spokesman.

"Mrs. Jameson is dead!"

"She leaves two little children, doesn't she?"

"No, three."

A painful minute of silence, and then, usually from a woman. "But they are not going to frighten us."

More and more names.

"Oh, he's all right."

"Jim Denton? Why there he is talking over the road."

"No, Hetty isn't hurt. Some rumour-monger must have told you that."

AND so on, through the morning.

They had imagined, just after the attack in the grey hours of morning, that hundreds must have been killed, hundreds more wounded.

They find, at last, that dead and wounded together could be counted on the fingers of two hands.

But still they say: "They're not going to frighten us."

They go back to their homes—that is, if there are two rooms still habitable.

They call their cats.

"Tiddles, Tiddles, Tiddles! . . . Oh, you can't mistake him if you see him. He's as black as night, without a spot of white anywhere, and as loving as a baby."

Ten cats as black as night and loving as a baby are submitted to them, but Tiddles is found at last.

He is something left from the old life with which to build the new.

But no sign of Mrs. Green.

Everybody hunts for Mrs. Green.

No harm can have befallen her.

She and her five children have been seen since the raid.

Then news at last. "She's gone away. Can't stand it any more. Gone to stay with her sister in Wales."

Gone?

Here, they think, is something that must be apologised for.

"It's the children. Mrs. Green would never have gone if it hadn't been for the children. Five children are a great responsibility. I swear Mrs. Green would have stayed behind if she'd only herself to answer for."

No fear, not even in Mrs. Green.

Just a cold contempt for an enemy who fights best from hiding-places, who, from beneath the surface of the sea or 30,000 feet up in the clouds, prefers to find women and children as his victims.

I met a hefty Australian there. Sapper L. Duffon is his name. He had seen what I had seen.

"They are all 'Diggers,'" he told me. "Every man, woman and child of 'em. It's been worth coming over from Australia to see their wonderful spirit. Diggers every one."

I refuse to let Australia claim them. They're in battledress, every one.

OPEN LETTERS

Lord CROFT,
Under-Secretary for War

MY LORD.—It will take more than air raids to daunt us. Indeed, the raids have caused more damage to Goering's *Luftwaffe* than to British objectives or British morale.

Experience has taught us that the peril of sky warfare is not so acute as many people once believed.

You're right to emphasise that if a raider is directly overhead a bomb dropped from its usual height will fall anywhere from one to three miles away.

Even the heaviest bomb, you add, will do no serious damage outside a radius of a hundred yards. But that is only half the story.

The other half is a far greater incentive to calm and confidence.

While I do not seek to minimise the damage that has been done, I know that the result of the air war so far has bitterly disappointed the Nazi warlords.

Few of their vital objectives have been seriously affected. I have seen war factories, "heavily bombed by Nazi raiders," that have merely suffered a few holes in the roof.

Private property has been hit, casualties caused. But there is no sign of the widespread havoc that total war was expected to bring to our land.

Members of my staff have travelled by different rail routes from London to the industrial North without seeing a single broken window along the hundreds of miles of track.

London, the greatest target in the world, presents a normal appearance in all but a few streets. Our ports, railways, industries are as busy as ever.

Indeed, the *airblitz* has proved no more successful than the air raids of the last war in the attempt to dislocate our vital services. And Hitler knows it.

This is no reason for refusing to take shelter and to treat the danger lightly. We may have grimmer ordeals to face.

But, if we view the air raid damage from the broad perspective of the State and not from the individual's standpoint, we can claim that the Nazi raids have been a costly and feeble failure.

And we have the satisfaction of knowing that the R.A.F. raids on Germany are proving really effective. Hitler's speech has no answer to them!—JOHN BULL.

(See "Why Hitler is Angry"—by Harry Gregson, page 9.)

Councillor PERCY GLOVER,
Fareham, Hants.

DEAR SIR.—If a medal were awarded for bright war ideas, you should get it.

Instead of Spitfire funds you suggest that small towns should try to raise a few thousand pounds to buy Defence Bonds.

The interest would provide comforts for some "adopted" squadron or Army unit, and after the war the bonds could be sold to build cottages for disabled Servicemen or the war bereaved.

My readers in small towns should be able to help you get this scheme working.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. H. G. JUDD,
Controller of Salvage

DEAR SIR.—No blame to you that the salvage campaign is still as patchy as an urchin's trousers.

The trouble rests with local councillors whose minds are as slow as their paunchy bodies—and with some householders who think that the war can be won without their taking the smallest part in it.

Many big boroughs have done marvels in collecting waste that can be converted into armament mate-



rials. Others are doing badly—and many small councils are doing nothing at all.

Above all, the rural areas must be made to add their contributions to the struggle.

Some of my Yorkshire readers, who take the trouble to separate useful scrap from the household rubbish, find that all are thrown into the dustcart together.

Their local council blandly admits that it has no salvage scheme. And it has the impudence to advise people not to bother about washing out tins, as these can be used for strengthening the council's rubbish dump!

That is typical of the indifference and laziness that are helping Hitler.

I could quote the cases of great London boroughs that have not yet bothered to collect waste food for animal feeding. I could tell you of towns where it is a common practice for dustmen to sell the metal offered by householders for war purposes.

But you must be well aware of them.

Perhaps you may not be aware of the growing public impatience. It must be mollified by new drastic regulations.

The salvage scheme must now be made compulsory, not only for the large boroughs, but also for all but the most scattered and remote districts.

I know that you and your chief, Mr. Herbert Morrison, prefer the voluntary system. So do I.

But the laggards are deaf to appeals, and unless you explode a charge of dynamite in their council chambers they'll go on snoring.—JOHN BULL.

Private GARSIDE,
Royal East Kent Regiment

DEAR GARSIDE.—"Scrounging" is supposed to be a soldier's habit. This silly lie should be heard less often, thanks to you.

Finding a wallet containing between £5,000 and £7,000, you sought out the owner and refused a reward of £100, suggesting that it should be given to a Spitfire fund.

That's what I call the war time spirit.—JOHN BULL.

Lord ILIFFE,
Red Cross

MY LORD.—Raising three million pounds for the Red Cross in the first year of war is a feat that should raise a smile on any Jeremiah's face.

What a tribute it is to the warm hearts of the ordinary Briton! As you say, the Lord Mayor's Committee has "had to rely for the main total on the pence of the people."

The Penny-a-Week Fund has proved that even the smallest wage-earner is willing to spare a mite for the wounded, despite the high costs of living.

And I hope my readers will enable yet another three million pounds—and more—to be collected during the next twelve months.—JOHN BULL.

General Sir ALAN BROOKE,
Commander-in-Chief, Home Forces

DEAR GENERAL.—Much of the Home Guard muddle has been tidied up since you became the Army's Big Shot. But there are still pot-holes for you to fill up, snobs and laggards you should fire.

A Nottingham schoolmaster, aged forty-eight, was a sergeant in the last war, a musketry and Lewis gun instructor, and attended special courses on bayonet fighting, bombing and gas.

His health is excellent—but the Home Guards have no place in their ranks for him. Youths of seventeen, who have never fired a shot in their young lives, seem to be preferred.

Ex-soldiers, who have managed to join the Home Guards in another Midlands district, have efficient section leaders.

But their higher-ups seem an inept lot.

They've never seen their Group Commander—because he has never held a parade.

Aero-Blitzkrieg leaves Britain Undaunted : Deserves Medal for War's Brightest Idea : Stop this Salvage Muddle : Soldier Refuses £100 Reward : Veteran Fighters Ignored by Home Guard Chiefs



They have no uniforms or steel helmets, few rifles, and were sent out on country patrols without arms until they protested.

There is even a shortage of arm bands!

From other areas, despite your clean-up, complaints continue of commanders of the "country gentleman" type whose ignorance of military matters is matched only by their indifference and laziness.

At any moment their men may have to take up position in the front line.

See that these willing defenders of our land are given the commanders and weapons they deserve—and an incentive to Spring to It.—JOHN BULL.

CHIEF PAYMASTER,
War Office

SIR.—Delays in Army pay and separation allowances have made me think that your department could be better managed by Hottentots.

I'm told, however, that some of your regimental pay staffs are overworked.

Though their officers merely initial the work of the clerks, the latter may have to toil in the office for ten hours, then get an hour off duty, go on guard all night, are allowed an hour for breakfast and then return to the office for another ten hours' spell.

Yet most of these men are of poor physique.

If this is the usual practice in Army pay offices, it explains a lot!—JOHN BULL.

Air Vice-Marshal E. L. GOSSAGE,
Air Member for Personnel

DEAR SIR.—This is a war for democracy by democracy, and no pompous prig in uniform must be allowed to make it an excuse for autocracy.

Airmen complain that they are forbidden to have a radio set in their living quarters at a lonely Scottish aerodrome, though soldiers stationed in adjacent huts have no such restriction.

I know you'll investigate this allegation.—JOHN BULL.

THERE ARE SOME THINGS WE CANNOT DO

DON'T let us try to be God that's a mistake we so often make, for we take on a great deal more than we're ever meant to take. We try to see up Life's Roads that have many a curve and bend and this War is a Road through Life with the Whole Universe caught in its trend

DON'T let us try to be God, there are some things we cannot do, with all the good will in the world they're still far beyond me and you. But with God's Help we'll surmount the things that are ours to face and with His Help we can all set Heaven in a War-torn place.

DON'T let us try to be God, for we can't reshape Life in its whole; we can only apply our efforts of body, and mind, and soul to the task that we know is ours, and from which we will never pause, to bring God's Will on to this earth so as to end earth's Wars.

SO don't let us try to be God, for in The Plan Supreme, He has left the tiniest detail, the action, and the dream, for each of us to set into Life's complex Whole, for Victory's Triumphant Cloth is woven by Man's own Soul.

J. M.

Growing Legions of de Gaulle

Now that the French Colonies have started rallying to the banner of General de Gaulle's army of Free Frenchmen it is possible to tell the dramatic inside story of this vital rebellion in the name of liberty

By RAYMOND GEORGE

ONE by one French colonies in Africa have joined Britain. Determined to slip untouched through the grinding cogs of the Axis, they have resolutely sworn their allegiance to General de Gaulle's legions of Free Frenchmen.

And they have set the seal of their determination by rejecting the authority of Petain's surrender-government.

They have expelled the representatives sent to them from Vichy; they have proudly hoisted the flags of the Allies, and created a spark that should ignite the flame of freedom in other French colonies.

French Indo-China, already showing signs of resisting the grasp of the Japanese, may soon decide to resist the other Axis partners. From such remote islands as New Caledonia and Tahiti the cry of Free France is still echoing round the world.

The revolt against Vichy's surrender-gang began in the heart of the desert, at the little sun-baked town of Fort Lamy, just south of Lake Chad.

A negro governor gave the sign of insurrection.

The pro-Petain military commandant was thrust across the frontier.

The representative of General de Gaulle, General de Larminat, was brought in from British Nigeria.

The flag of General de Gaulle, originally the flag of Joan of Arc, was raised on the flagstaff above the little white-washed buildings of the fort.

Troops stood to attention.

The Marseillaise was played by the negro band, and the first corner of the French Empire had slipped away from Hitler's grasp.

THAT corner was the Lake Chad territory—more than 400,000 square miles in the heart of Africa and a vital air base for trans-African air routes.

If the Dictators had seized Lake Chad, Britain would have been threatened in the Sudan, in Kenya, in Nigeria, and possibly in other regions of Africa.

This rebellion proved that there were many free Frenchmen in French colonies in Africa.

Great slabs of Africa, each of them millions of square miles in area, began to fall away from Petain when Lake Chad showed the way.

First, French Equatorial Africa; then French West Africa.

French Senegal will follow. This colony, which supplied hundreds of thousands of loyal coloured troops to France during the last war, possesses vast untapped treasures of palm oil, coco-nut and ivory.

Senegal is of vital importance.

Because it contains the one good har-

bour on the west coast of Africa, the Senegalese port of Dakar is of enormous strategic value.

If Hitler seized it, he could raid British ships voyaging to India and the Far East round the Cape of Good Hope. He could use Dakar as a base for air attacks on America.

When France capitulated the colonies were taken by surprise.

They had no news of the real situation in France.

General de Gaulle's broadcasts from London were either jammed by Germany or could not be heard in Africa.

The first impulse of the colonists was to refuse to surrender.

There were thousands of aircraft and tanks and hundreds of thousands of men in Algeria and Morocco and Tunisia ready to repulse any attack Mussolini might attempt from Libya. Each of the other territories had its armed force.

And it might have been possible to wrest the French empire from the hands of the Vichy men as soon as the armistice was signed.

As it was, British representatives flew to Casablanca, in Morocco, to persuade the French Resident-General, General Nogues, to throw in his lot with Great Britain.

BUT it was then too late.

The Vichy Government had moved quickly. It was the only time the defeatists showed any signs of quick thinking, and that was because Hitler did their thinking for them—and sent General Weygand by air to Morocco.

He told the French colony in Casablanca and Kabat that all resistance was hopeless; that the only way to avoid the surrender of the entire French empire to Hitler was to make terms.

For two months, French Africa remained submissive and docile.

Then revolt started.

General de Larminat, among the bravest and most experienced French officers in Syria, threw up his job on General Mittelhauser's staff when he realised how that general had been tricked into submission, and flew to Cairo.

There he found another aircraft that took him by stages to Lisbon and thence to London.

He offered his services to General de Gaulle, who entrusted him with the job of carrying the story of Britain's resistance to French Africa.

This was news to Africa.

Only German and German-controlled broadcasting stations can be heard in Morocco, and these boasted day and night that the skies over Britain were black with German bombers; the British Fleet was sunk; London in flames.

General de Larminat flew to Africa with the news of Britain's triumphs in the air.

He also carried in his pocket a written assurance by Winston Churchill that the British Government would give financial credits and economic assistance to the French empire on exactly the same terms as to British dominions and colonies.

This meant hope and prosperity to the French in Africa.

It meant hope of ultimate victory over Hitler.

It also meant prosperity to colonies that were threatened with ruin and starvation.



R.A.F. Fledglings

WITH all due respect to the fine personal heroism that has enabled British pilots to triumph in the air battles of the last few weeks, we must not forget the tremendous debt that every one of these heroes owes to the Central Flying School of the Royal Air Force.

Even the finest pilots, famed for their ability to handle aircraft, agree that 80 per cent. of Britain's success in the air can be claimed by the R.A.F. method of tuition.

And it is at the Central Flying School that expert pilots are taught to be even more expert flying instructors.

Every Move Lost

It has a system that makes every other flying school look amateurish.

It is a system that is beating German pilots in every move of the game.

Instructors from almost every air force in the world, except the German Luftwaffe, have taken a course at the Central Flying School. The system of instruction in almost every foreign air force, except the German, is based on the Central Flying School methods.

The Central Flying School instructors are the cream of the flying world.

R.A.F. flying school-trained instructors are not merely perfect pilots: they can sit in a dual-instruction machine without turning a hair while pupils do the most atrocious things with the controls.

Before the Central Flying School system was introduced a loud-voiced instructor would switch off the engine to bawl blasphemous abuse of the pupil to the four winds.

Pupils Aloft

Maybe Goering learned to fly that way.

Perhaps he thinks that what was good enough for him is still good enough for the younger generation.

It is all very different in the R.A.F.

There is no shouting now.

A quiet word over the pupil's telephone and the most flagrant fault is rectified.

And at the Central Flying School, where super-instructors give instruction to flying instructors, they set a standard that is unequalled anywhere in the world.

In the old days an instructor seldom risked letting go of his dual controls.

And the pupil never really flew the aircraft until he was sent off in it alone.

The first thing a Central Flying School-trained instructor does when he takes a pupil aloft is to lift his feet off the rudder and put his hands in the air.

The pupil has complete control of the machine. Henceforth the instructor will only take control to demonstrate a movement or to avert a crash.

Given Confidence

The Central Flying School-trained instructor has to have the equivalent of the doctor's bedside manner. He reassures the pupil before snowing him a difficult manoeuvre.

He gives the pupil confidence. Under the old swearing system of instruction, the pupil had to be tough (and lucky) to survive.

The other day I renewed my acquaintance with the Central Flying School methods by "going up" as a pupil-instructor with a super-instructor.

Climbing to the height at which we were to do our aerobatics, the instructor talked about the slow roll, explaining that it was a supreme test of a pilot's skill.

"All Together Now"

When we reached 4,000 ft., he said, "Now I'm going to do one. Adjust your straps as tightly as you can."

"Now ease them off, and relax."

"Look up, and above, and below."

As he was talking the aircraft rolled slowly over, travelled for perhaps half a minute on its back, and rolled slowly round on to an even keel.

The instructor continued his conversation as though we had been in a lecture-room.

"Well, that wasn't so bad, was it?" he commented, with that "bedside" touch that distinguishes the best instructors, while we were still travelling at nearly 200 m.p.h.

"Now," he said, placing his hands and feet lightly on the controls, "we'll do it together."

He repeated the "patter."

* * *

Back in the Commandant's room, looking at the Staff photographs that started with 1911, I noticed with a cold shiver the gap between 1919 and 1923, when the Central Flying School had been "axed," and we had nearly lost it. For if we had lost the Central Flying School . . . well, let's be thankful we didn't.

RALPH MICHAELIS.

Why Hitler is Angry

ONLY after months of checking and counter-checking by experts was Britain's aerial war on Nazi Europe launched.

It had taken three months to plan this giant offensive—the most grandiose, strategic campaign yet conceived by a nation at war.

It was to put an end to a Totalitarian threat to a Continent's freedom.

Nazi roads, railways, oil refineries, oil tanks, aircraft factories and aerodromes were to be bombed out of existence.

An ambitious plan calling for thought and study, it also needed airmen, skilled in navigation, unafraid of danger, and a continuous flow of bombers from British and American factories.

Within a few days of the plan being adopted R.A.F. crews were receiving final instructions.

Within a few hours the docile Germans, who in surrendering their liberty to Nazi-ism had been promised immunity from aerial attack, learned that Goering's boasts were no proof against British courage.

Already the first fruits of this plan are being gathered.

Oil experts agree that if these R.A.F. bombing attacks can be maintained for another three months—and there is every hope of their being intensified—Germany will be so short of oil that the huge Nazi war machine will be in danger of seizing up.

Germany's oil now comes from storage tanks, refineries, and coal-oil plants.

These coal-oil plants, situated near the brown coal fields, provide the raw materials from which oil is distilled.

There are two of them, producing about 2,250,000 tons of oil from coal a year.

The first is in the Ruhr: the region bounded by Cologne, Dusseldorf, Wesel and Dortmund.

The second is in Central Germany, within an area bounded roughly by Magdeburg, Boehlen and Leuna.

Germany's main oil refineries, which convert crude oil into lubricating oil, motor spirit, paraffin and other essential products, are situated around Hanover, chiefly at Misburg.

There are also refineries at Hamburg and Bremen.

Oil is stored at such points as Hamburg, Emden and Bremen, where supplies imported from overseas can be most conveniently stored.

There are also storage tanks in the Ruhr, and at other industrial key centres.

River and canal transport is largely used to carry the oil from the coast or railheads to these centres.

R.A.F. bombers first concentrated on the nearest targets, the coal-oil plants and storage tanks of the Ruhr and the ports.

Then they extended their operations inland to the refineries of Hanover.

The third stage was the destruction of oil plants in Central Germany, which took our airmen hundreds of miles over German territory.

The fourth (and final stage) will be the destruction of tanks, refineries and coal-oil plants in those districts of Czechoslovakia, East Prussia and Austria to which Germany has already been compelled by R.A.F. raids to transfer her oil plants.

An air attack, as reported by the Air Ministry, is not a hit-and-run raid such as Nazi flyers have made on Croydon, Ramsgate and other parts of Britain.

R.A.F. bombers had dropped 138,750 bombs on military objectives by the end of last month in six hundred air raids, carried out every night with relentless persistence.

Their effect on the Nazi war machine has been terrific, and in this, the first of three articles on the results of these attacks, you will realise what this bold air offensive has done to Germany's oil plants

By HARRY GREGSON



Returning in the dim grey dawn, British bombers approach their base, having spent the night over Nazi Europe destroying Hitler's essential oil plants with relentless persistence

It is a sustained systematic bombardment from the air, often lasting three hours, and carried out by successive waves of aircraft.

The first raiders drop their incendiaries to illuminate the target.

The second, third and fourth waves drop high explosives and prevent Nazi fire-fighters from dealing with the flames by extending the damage.

IN the recent raid on Leuna, birthplace of Germany's vast coal-oil industry, which produces 400,000 tons of motor fuel and other oil products annually, a chain of fires was started along the whole of the 2,000 yards of the main plant.

A giant chimney collapsed over the blazing buildings.

For an hour R.A.F. aircraft bombed the target.

Imagine the confusion and destruction in that plant; the blinding, sooty smoke as tanks of manufactured oil exploded; the crash of metal as the tall fractionating towers collapsed to add their fuel to the flames; the flying brickwork of falling chimneys; the frantic efforts of half-stunned workers to find an exit from the inferno.

A coal-oil plant is a fine target. Airmen cannot mistake it.

The Dutch describe the fires started by the R.A.F. at oil depots on the other side of the frontier as the "Eastern Lights."

Fires started in oil storage tanks at Emden have been seen forty miles away. Flames have been seen thirty-five miles away after a raid on Germany's main refineries at Dollberger, east of Hanover.

Explosions among the tanks and buildings were felt by airmen 10,000 ft. above the earth.

Germany's oil plants at Frankfurt, Hamburg, Dortmund, Kassel-Hausel, Gelsenkirchen, Bohlen, Ludwigshafen

and scores of other places have been subject to an aerial bombardment unequalled for precision and devastation.

Describing a raid on the Hoesch Benzin Synthetic Oil Plant at Dortmund, the Air Ministry said:

"The attack took place in darkness and cloud. Soon after midnight an early raider saw four of his bombs fall on the oil plant, followed by a big blue flash.

"An hour later other aircraft took up the attack. After a salvo of heavy bombs there was a violent explosion, and though they were flying at several thousand feet, the crew of the bomber could hear it above the roar of the engines."

So the reports continue. . . . At the Gelsenberg-Benzin A.G., near Gelsenkirchen, twenty-five fires were blazing at one time.

MUSIC WHILE YOU WORK

THANKS to the B.B.C., our war workers now "go to it" with added zest and spirit. Those popular "Music While You Work" broadcasts must not be regarded simply as ordinary light music programmes with a fancy title. They have a definite sociological value.

"The makers of amplifiers and loud-speakers are being swamped with orders for equipment," a B.B.C. official told me. "Aircraft builders, gas-mask makers, dyers and cleaners, printers, spinners, sugar refiners, scientific instrument makers and wholesale grocers are among those who have already installed radio sets. And new industries are added to the list every day."

It pays the employers and it pays the nation.

Emden has had twenty tons of bombs. A sheet of flame 200 ft. high shot up at Hanover.

Hamburg has had twenty-five raids, and except for the railway junction of Hamm, it is the most heavily bombed place in Germany.

Oil tanks in Holland, Belgium, France and Norway have also been bombed.

Neutrals in the Ruhr have reported that Germany's industrial production has been decreased by one-third.

Frantic efforts are being made to transfer industries, but there is a big handicap with oil.

Every mile the plants are removed from the coalfields supplying the raw material (or from the canals and railways that bring the oil to industrial centres for refining) throws an additional burden on Germany's transport. Some experts refuse to credit the possibility of large-scale transfer of oil plants.

GOEBBELS reports daily that "R.A.F. raids caused slight damage to civilian property."

Goering knows better.

He has never permitted neutral correspondents to visit the scene of an R.A.F. raid on an oil plant. The Ruhr is a banned area.

The Germans themselves know better.

A Berlin business man, writing to a friend in the United States, describes how difficult it is to live in Germany now with the strict rationing, the rigid censorship, the lack of trade, the need for work, and he adds:

"The British bombardment of Germany is, to say the least, demoralising. They have been rather successful against fuel storages . . . and we have never had a large amount of this precious fluid."

His letter was widely quoted in American newspapers.

Meantime, Hitler is confronted not only with the problem of the destruction of his oil machine, but also with an increasing demand for oil.

Occupation of peaceful neutral countries has only increased his troubles. Holland, Norway, Poland, Belgium and France must use imported oil if their industries are to keep going.

And as he lies awake listening to the British bombers droning overhead bent on destroying yet another of his vital factories, Hitler must wonder whether a bomb on the Chancellery might not be his easiest way out.

The idea was tried about five years ago in a milliner's workroom in New Zealand, and it was found that, spurred and enlivened by music, a girl could turn out fifteen or sixteen hats in a time which normally yielded only a dozen.

When a radio-gramophone was installed in a fruit canning factory in Kent production increased by 30 per cent. And in this instance, too, the music was found to create a generally happy feeling and sustain the spirits of the workers.

Recent investigations conducted by the Medical Research Council warmly support the impression that music in factories is definitely conducive to increased production.



Workmen's Injury Dilemma

FROM all parts of the land I am receiving letters about the Workmen's Compensation Act, and it seems to me that the problem—bad enough as it was in pre-war days—is in these times developing into one of grave public moment.

I have just received a communication from a reader who, while acting as a stretcher-bearer, fell, in the darkness, down some steps and was badly hurt.

He went to a solicitor, who advised him that, provided he could pay the essential fees, he might receive damages in the neighbourhood of £2,000 if he took legal action.

* * *

He was in hospital for some considerable time and, having no money available for lawyers' fees, did not take the necessary proceedings.

He went to the Public Assistance Authorities, but, although they were sympathetic, they could do nothing to assist him in his plight.

In another case the victim of an accident was earning £5 a week, but to-day he is drawing just a meagre £1 a week compensation—apparently all he was then legally entitled to.

* * *

Recently a new Act was introduced to cope with workmen's compensation problems, which are countless nowadays. It is called the Workmen's Compensation (Supplementary Allowances) Act, 1940, and its provisions came into operation a month ago.

Though it applies to any worker, male or female, **IT DOES NOT APPLY TO ACCIDENTS WHICH OCCURRED BEFORE JANUARY, 1924.**

There are many provisions in this new Act about which I could complain. In my view—and in the view of many of my readers—its terms do not by any means go far enough.

Before the war there were many scandals about the old Compensation Act, and there is no doubt that unless things alter quickly there will be many about the new!

Perhaps some Member of Parliament will be wise enough to raise the matter in the House at an early date?

SICK PEOPLE LEFT TO DIE!

MEDICAL men in all parts of the country are finding it increasingly difficult to obtain hospital accommodation for patients needing urgent and protracted treatment.

An Ilford man had been ill for months with abdominal trouble. His doctor told him that he badly needed an operation.

In pre-war days he would have been admitted to hospital quickly and charged fees according to his means. But not nowadays!

He went to an Essex hospital and was refused admission—quite rightly in the circumstances—because the authorities had been ordered to keep their wards open for possible war casualties.

For three months he trudged around fourteen hospitals, vainly beseeching the treatment he so sorely needed.

In the end he collapsed in the street and died.

A Slough woman—to cite another typical case—hurt the base of her spine in a cycling accident. Her doctor said that unless an operation was performed she would never be fit again.

She went to a hospital, where particulars of her case were taken. Four months passed before she heard anything. Then her husband called at the hospital and asked for an interview with the secretary.

He explained that his wife was in pain day and night, could only sit with difficulty, and sometimes had to lie down all day.

The effect of her accident had so changed her that she had become an unhappy and irritable woman.

Appealed to Authorities

Her husband, engaged seven days a week on war work, was not in a position to afford treatment in a nursing home and therefore appealed to the hospital authorities to admit her at some reasonable cost.

The doctors at the institution, though considerate and sympathetic, regretted that owing to the need for accommodation to be kept available for war casualties, they could do nothing.

Meantime, the woman is going from bad to worse. Her doctor can do nothing to alleviate the pain until an operation is performed.

He says that she would only be in hospital for about two weeks and her ailment cured.

Surely something could be done in cases like this? Two weeks in hospital and her trouble would be ended!

"I dread to think what might happen if something is not done for her soon," her husband writes to me.

"Both our baby and myself are feeling the strain, and although I have been a voluntary contributor for about fifteen years to the hospital scheme, I am quite willing to pay something towards the cost. . . .

"Could you use your influence with the authorities in any way?"

Would Not Take Her

A woman in a Midlands town, worried over air raids, fainted recently and fell heavily into the hearth. She lost the use of her right arm and leg.

A doctor ordered her to hospital. For similar reasons to those in the previous cases I have mentioned, no hospital could take her in.

Poor law officials and the local Medical Officer of Health could not assist in any way.

She is still in a precarious state of health.

Dr. Somerville Hastings is among the medical men now interesting themselves in this hospital problem.



In a London suburb an elderly woman of limited means applied a few weeks ago for hospital treatment.

She had been paying into a voluntary scheme for hospital benefit for months and, always feeling well in health, did not dream that she might have to go suddenly to an institution.

Injured in an accident that occurred in her garden, she applied for admission, on her doctor's advice, to the local hospital.

She was examined, sympathised with, and told that her case was not urgent enough. The urgency of war casualties must take first place.

Matron's Opinion

I have been in touch with a woman, ex-matron, who has been working at a famous London hospital for over thirty years. Constantly she has met members of the Royal Family there.

When the war broke out she volunteered for emergency service there and is doing her job still.

After her long service she still thinks some means could be found to prevent the continual refusal of would-be patients while all the wards are empty.

Who can blame her?

In days like these I do not wish to be too critical. But surely, when people need urgent treatment in hospital through financial reasons over which they have no control, there could be more facilities open to them?

Similar complaints reach me from all parts of the country, and I urge the Ministry of Health to tackle the problem quickly.

The position is a difficult one, I know. But a remedy must be found—certainly for urgent cases of the type I have outlined.

Many medical men are perturbed because tuberculosis (which has been extremely checked in recent years) might break out again unless regular hospital treatment can be obtained for sufferers.

Despite all the burdens of war, the Ministry of Health cannot allow ordinary casualties and the sick to be deprived of the treatment they need.

"Spitfire" Charity Collections

★

Share "Advice" Pitfalls

★

G.P.O. Bankbook Robberies

SIX Scotland Yard detectives are now making enquiries about unscrupulous charity collectors who are organising "Spitfire funds"—for their own benefit!

"Spitfire" crooks buy books of cloak-room tickets, send boys and girls from door to door with them.

By pretending that they are collecting for the "local" war effort, they make anything from £5 to £10 in a few hours.

Complaints have been made to the police in London, Manchester, Birmingham, Durham and many other towns.

Don't give to a "Spitfire" collector until you are satisfied that he really represents a genuine organisation.

* * *

IF you hold shares in companies that are not doing well because of war time conditions, be careful of firms that have started specialising in advising stockholders about gilt-edged possibilities in the near future.

One such firm recently gave advice over the telephone to a woman who would have lost £100 but for prudent enquiry.

* * *

POST Office detectives are concerned about an epidemic of bankbook robberies.

Thieves steal books from depositors, whom they "shadow" from post offices, and, by cleverly altering the date stamps, make withdrawals.

One book was used three times last week by the same thief, and £3—the maximum now obtainable on demand—extracted on each occasion.

Post Office depositors should keep their books in a safe place. When they are being carried about, the strictest watch should be kept for "hustlers"—as the thieves are called officially.

* * *

SALVAGE collectors have been getting away with valuable waste by promising to give prizes to clients in rotation order.

Several people, attracted by one such scheme, have been waiting in vain for months for prizes, having given away silver and other goods that have been turned to good account by the "salvage contractors."

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

MR. J. E. JEFFERIES, Emmanuel Road, Southport, Lancs., has been awarded this week's £1 is. for information now being investigated.

Men of Good Hope

BROTHERS UNDER THE SKIN — 4

The soldiers of South Africa are defending the cause of freedom at home, where Mussolini's legions threaten, but the sailors of the Union are helping to defeat the Nazi menace on the seas around Europe

By RICHARD CHARTERIS

THEY were on leave, this joyous bunch of sailor-men from South Africa, when I met them at the Victoria League Club, that happiest of all Service centres.

To get there they had sailed more than half-way round the globe; and hardy, handy looking youngsters they were, strong of neck, wrist and heart.

Twelve months ago they had been:

JOHN CURTAYNE, BANK CLERK;
GEORGE CLEMO, BARBER;

SAM COLLINS, SHIPPING CLERK;
ARTHUR LOADER, BLACKSMITH;

AUBREY GRIGGS, INSURANCE

AGENT;

JOHN ALEXANDER, OIL MILL

WORKER; and

STANLEY RASMUSSEN, POST

OFFICE TELEGRAPH OPERATOR.

Now, with an average age of twenty-three, they had already been at the fringe of great events, had even sniffed death at close quarters.

Sam Collins was a startling contrast to his companions, who were dark of hair and complexion.

With his corn-coloured thatch, this giant, six feet three and a half inches, was reminiscent of Bombardier Wells in his prime.

"We've been nearly drowned by hospitality," said Loader. "Never met anything like it anywhere."

"To-night we're invited to the Stadium Club to see some boxing," chimed in Griggs. "I reckon that'll suit Sam. His grandfather was Sam Lewis, one of the great South African knuckle fighters. He was once champion of South Africa."

"Yes," said Sam, "he died only five years ago, but he flourished in the gold staking days."

"My dad's often told me about the diamond stampede at Kimberley; the gold finds at Jo'burg; of Rhodes, Barney Barnato, Dr. Jameson and the Raid; of 'Oom Paul Kruger and the Boer War—and of the time when naval guns were landed from England at my

home town, Durban in Natal, for the relief of Ladysmith."

"There's only one thing we miss here," said Rasmussen, "and that's sun-bathing, sea-bathing and surf-riding. We revel in any sort of sport."

When he began to describe Durban, Curtayne interrupted.

"I come from Cape Town, the greatest city in the Union," he said, in a voice that challenged argument.

Rasmussen continued.

"We're altogether in the same war-ship," he added. "We all enlisted together, and as there are fifteen of us we virtually form the ship's rugby team."

"Straightaway on the declaration of war we'd signed on, and by September 24 we were already on our way."

"We were soon toughened by sun and sea air, and at the Equator, when off watch, we lay in the sun's full glare, with a hose playing on us."

"We were used to it, but when some English boys tried it they had to go to the sick bay after about an hour."

"Even our own skins, accustomed to heat and salt, were like parched leather after that spell."

"You'll think it curious, but we've never seen snow. We missed your last winter, luckily."

"We get snow on Table Mountain, though," said Curtayne.

He looked as foursquare as that mountain itself—dark and determined; great as a pal, I thought, but terrible as a foe.

"Outside Durban, the grassland is as fresh and brilliant as in England," Rasmussen continued. "On the North side, fifteen miles out, there's one of the grandest sights in South Africa."

HE quelled Curtayne's threatened dissent with a glare.

"That's the Valley of a Thousand Hills," he continued. "A vast panorama; a picture of natural beauty blended with colourful human activity. It is staggering."

"That's where the Zulus live in their kraals."

THE ART OF RELAXATION

FOR several years now there has been a lot of talk about the "war of nerves." Yet, quite apart from Hitler, we have a private war of nerves to fight every day of our lives.

The only certain road to victory is to cultivate more assiduously the priceless art of relaxation.

Relaxation is not just another name for doing nothing. It is usually the reverse.

Doing nothing is either apt to cause further strain through boredom, or else to allow the old stresses to get a fresh grip on our minds.

The best relaxation in the world is complete absorption in some occupation.

"Did you have a bad night?" a man was asked after a prolonged night raid.

"I never noticed a thing," he said. "I was reading one of the best thrillers I have ever come across, and I got so absorbed in it that I never heard the bombs explode."

"I didn't even hear the 'All Clear!'" That true story shows the depth of true relaxation.

Whatever time you can spare from your job (whatever time you are forced to spend away from your job), put your mind to work on something that has nothing to do with the war.

You may think it is impossible. It isn't. It is really quite easy.

The mind is astonishingly adaptable.

You can't really be in a state of mind when you're just a blank, as it were.

If you're not deliberately driving your mind along the road you wish it to take, it will at once begin to drive you along the road it chooses. And then you'll inevitably dwell on the gloomy side of life!

There's everything in the world that is bright and cheerful and interesting to choose from.

See that you do the choosing.

"Their only covering is a 'moochi'—a slender girdle of beads attached to a small skin. They're a noble lot, and their carriage is a welding of grace and strength."

"A Zulu wedding is most interesting," Rasmussen added. "The young man presents himself to the father with his 'labola' or marriage portion, consisting of ten or eleven cows. In return he is handed a daughter."

"I once saw a young Zulu make it a double affair. He married two sisters at the same time. After the ceremony of exchange, he bicycled back to his kraal, but his brides had to walk."

"They're wonderfully loyal though," Loader commented, "and brave boys. They're clean living, too, which probably accounts for that fine physique."

"We had a Zulu at home for fifty years," said Rasmussen. "He started with us, they said, when he was just big enough to wash at the tap by standing on a soap box."

"You should see the Zulu rickshaw boys in Durban," he went on. "One whistle will bring a dozen to your side."

"The runners are togged out most regally, with gay feathers and quills, decorated cow-horns as headdresses."

"They have white designs on feet and ankles, and big seeds and cowrie shells, worn as garters, clatter as they are running."

"WE had quite a journey," said Alexander, "before we embarked for England. Passing through the diamond workings at Kimberley, we saw the biggest hole ever dug by man with pick and shovel. There's four hundred feet of water at the bottom."

"Then we visited the goldfields of Jo'burg."

"It took us three days and two nights to cover the thousand miles to Cape Town. The track curves inland and back again, following the valleys. But it was worth it."

"We passed through Natal. It was named nearly four hundred and forty-three years ago by Vasco da Gama, who discovered it on Christ's natal day. And that's the place for a Mediterranean climate."

"Sugar-cane plantations abound; thick canes about six feet high, like mealies. And there are pineapples and grape-fruit. In fact, it's a marvellous citrus country. Peaches, apricots and plums flourish—everything."

"Then we passed the Orange Free State, and on across the Great Karroo—enormous stretches of rough-looking country, that is good land for sheep and angora goats."

"At last we arrived at Cape Colony—a land of vineyards. In this colony you can see sunsets nearly all the year round of such beauty that they are imprinted on your memory for life—especially near the Hex River Pass—"

"One of the finest sights in South Africa," broke in Curtayne, with a severe eye on Rasmussen.

"Anyway," concluded Rasmussen, "it's the finest colony in the Empire."

"What!" demanded Curtayne, "Natal?"

"No," said Rasmussen, "South Africa."

"It's not all beauty, though," remarked Collins, "there's the snakes."

"We have the Green Mamba, and the Black Mamba, the most deadly serpent in the world. If it bites you, don't worry about getting to hospital; just curl up and say 'good-bye, all!'"

"It gets up on its tail and hits for your chest."

"Remember that fellow who travelled around lecturing about snakes?"



South African sailors drilling on board the training ship "General Botha" in the naval docks of Simonstown, one of the Union's several magnificent bases

"He claimed he had a serum against all bites. So he let a Black Mamba bite him. But he never let another snake bite him. He never had the chance."

"Well, here we are," said Collins.

"We all knew it was going to be a hard business this time, and the old ties with the Motherland are mighty strong."

And then the Holborn Stadium called them.

As we stepped into the street, the stars were out.

"Different stars out home," said Clemo. "The Milky Way, the Southern Cross, and so on. But they seemed lower and more brilliant out there. Somehow, imagination, perhaps."

"But what strikes me especially in London is—"

"Something brighter than stars," Alexander broke in. "It's the girls. Your London beauties. They beat any I've seen right through our travels. And there's no imagination about that."

* * *

SEVEN stalwart sailor lads piled out of the semi-darkness into a cab.

The Navy stowed away somehow; Sam Collins insinuating his six feet three and a half inches last of all.

I can surmise only that he coiled up somewhere on the floor.

"Strewth!" said the taximan,

"Boarded and taken prize by the South African Navy!"

HANNEN SWAFFER

Introducing the pilgrim children's Uncle Geoff, says no other politician has kissed so many children in so short a time



UNCLE GEOFF

WHEN Geoffrey Shakespeare welcomed back the torpedoed pilgrim children, even though Under-Secretary for the Dominions in the world's most illustrious Government, he could not help learning a lesson in courage which he might well pass on to some of his elderly colleagues—those who had a touch of Munich, for instance.

There were 320 of these laughing pilgrim children. Not one was more than fifteen. Many were nearer five.

Yet, when torpedoed by a U-boat in the Atlantic, in the night, they faced it as did the men of Dunkirk, parading in pyjamas on deck with the precision of the Guards, laughing as they went to the boats.

"Roll out the Barrel," they yelled.

There were no tears. There was only laughter.

Not Much Fear for Us

The children's is the spirit of Britain.

If small children can laugh and sing in circumstances that made enemy aliens panic when the "Arandora Star" was torpedoed... well, there is not much fear of our people.

No politician has kissed so many children in so short a time as Geoffrey Shakespeare.

As chairman of the Children's Overseas Reception Board, he has kissed hundreds since he took on his job a few weeks ago.

When seeing them off, he has made brave little speeches in the Barrie style—not that they needed it.

Still, Geoffrey Shakespeare thinks a lot of children. When he was Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty earlier in the war he

read, in a letter from his twelve-year-old son, this poem:

*"My U-boats are under the ocean,
My 'Graf Spee' is under the sea,
Hitler is in a commotion,
Oh, don't mention Churchill to me."*

Being himself a collateral descendant of Shakespeare—I can sympathise with him, because I am a collateral descendant of John Keats—he presumed, although the boy had not claimed it, that the authorship was his son's.

So he proudly read it out at a meeting.

Unfortunately, someone discovered it had appeared in a London newspaper.

Welcomed Empire Men

Geoffrey Shakespeare has not only seen children off.

He has welcomed grown men.

When troops have arrived from the Dominions, it has been his job to receive them, and his phrase, "I shared dug-outs with your fathers, and now I pity their sons' enemies," is typical of his talks.

When he was L. G.'s private secretary in 1921, this junior Minister first made himself known.

A mysterious "Mr. Salmon" made a dramatic journey from Downing Street to Belfast with the Irish peace terms.

He covered 420 miles, by special train and destroyer, in twenty-four hours.

Later we heard that, for Salmon, you should write Shakespeare.

A year later he became an M.P. and, partly because of his father's prominence—he was secretary of the Baptist Union, and L. G. is a Baptist—received preferment.

Yet in his quiet way he has earned it. He is capable. He is popular. He listens well.

Red-haired, he has a grin and six feet of inches.

Although President of the Cambridge Union in the year that Hore-Bellisha was President of the Oxford Union, Shakespeare seems more "Oxford" of the two.

Betrayed by a Word

Many people laugh at water-divining. Yet four years ago, when a man and his wife had been killed in the collapse of their house, Geoffrey Shakespeare discovered the presence of water in some old workings by exercising his gift as a diviner.

His brother, gifted with the same strange quality, has been in great demand in India, finding water when whole districts were in danger of dying from thirst.

Geoffrey Shakespeare might have divined a little more accurately Britain's rights on the water.

During Franco's cruel martyrdom of Spain, he was strongly non-interventionist, a thing that would have made the "Nonconformist conscience" of his father's day furious beyond degree.

"We have been criticised for not protecting British merchant ships in Spanish waters," he said in the best Munich style. "We are told that they are there on lawful occasions for the purpose of trade."

"I don't deny that, but there is Scriptural precedent for saying that what is lawful is not always expedient."

"Expedient"—that idea betrayed Europe!

He was probably right on precedent—but he wasn't right in interpreting sane British public opinion.

America

I DO not know whether it was by accident or design that the official announcement of the deal between ourselves and the United States Government was made on the first anniversary of the beginning of the war. In either case, it was equally welcome to us and equally ominous for Hitler.

By this deal we lease to the United States naval and air bases in the West Indies and Newfoundland in exchange for 50 over-age destroyers belonging to the American Navy and now lying idle in their naval ports.

The significance of this transaction far transcends its immediate practical consequences. Those consequences, it is true, are of the first importance both to ourselves and to the United States.

Take our own case first. Our trump card in this war, as in all wars in which we have been engaged, is sea-power.

We are gaining supremacy in the air and shall ultimately win supremacy on land; but it is our naval supremacy which must lay the foundations of victory.

That supremacy is not in question: but the desertion of France has thrown upon our Navy a strain that is more than it can safely be called upon to bear.

This especially applies to the destroyer class. To these vessels fall the duties of convoying our merchantmen, hunting the U-boats, maintaining the blockade, and generally keeping the seas open to us and closed to the enemy.

The command by Germany of the whole western coast of Europe from the North Cape to the Pyrenees has enormously increased the labours and responsibilities of the destroyers.

The result is that the ships are kept almost ceaselessly at sea under a strain that must ultimately impair the efficiency both of the men and the machine.

THE ACCESSION TO OUR RESOURCES OF THE FIFTY UNITED STATES DESTROYERS WILL REMOVE ALL ANXIETY IN THIS RESPECT.

IT WILL ENABLE US TO TIGHTEN THE STRANGLEHOLD OF THE BLOCKADE, TO TAKE STILL HEAVIER TOLL OF THE U-BOATS, AND THUS TO SHORTEN THE WAR.

And the gain to the United States is no less substantial. It is a double gain. In strengthening the British Navy the United States is defending its own Atlantic sea-board.

And in securing naval and air bases in the West Indies it is protecting the most vital link in its defensive system—the Panama Canal.

If that link were destroyed, the United States would have to maintain two separate navies, one to police the Atlantic and one to police the Pacific.

With the menace of Hitler on one side and the menace of Japan on the

The second year of war has
As he studies the word taking shape that
the word "AMERICA"
are moving with gathering
moving decisively

A. G. C.

other, the security of the Panama Canal might well be a matter of life or death to the great Republic.

IT IS NOT SURPRISING THAT THE DEAL HAS BEEN HAILED WITH AS MUCH SATISFACTION IN AMERICA AS IT HAS IN THIS COUNTRY.

Even Mr. Roosevelt's opponent for the Presidency has given it his unequivocal blessing.

But, as I have said, the importance of the transaction is not limited to its immediate practical consequences. Even more significant is the spirit of common purpose and co-operation out of which the transaction springs.

IT MEANS THAT WHETHER AMERICA IS NOMINALLY IN THE WAR OR NOT, SHE IS EFFECTIVELY WITH.

She is in it because she cannot help herself. She is in it because her own life is as much at stake as ours.

It was bound to be so. But Hitler did not think so. His gamble was based in this as in other respects on the grossest miscalculations.

He believed that he could conquer the world by a *tour de force*. He believed that Britain was decadent and would not fight.

He believed he could bluff us into surrender. He believed that he was so dominant in the air that he could destroy our sea power.

He believed that the British Empire would disintegrate at his touch like a sand-castle by the seashore.

He believed that South Africa would repudiate us, that India would blow up in flames—in short, he believed in anything which encouraged his crazy dreams.

NOWHERE were his miscalculations more fatal than in regard to the United States.

He was convinced that the "policy" of "isolation," the Presidential election, his superior propaganda, and the anti-British forces in America—German, Italian and Irish—would keep the country out of the ring until all was dead and buried.

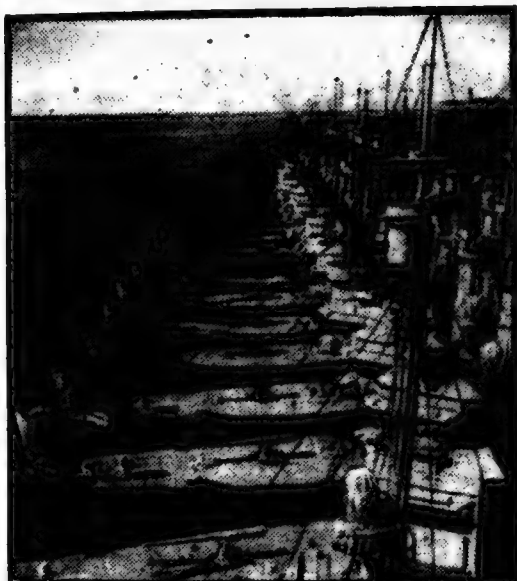
If the *blitzkrieg* had come his calculations would have been justified. But failing that it was doomed.

For the best thought in America has never wavered in its loyalty to our cause.

Gets in Step

War has opened badly for Hitler. Writing on the wall" he sees a that bodes him no good. It is "A." Events across the Atlantic bring momentum, and they are vely against him, says—

G. GARDINER



Many of these United States destroyer seen at the Naval Destroyer Base, at San Diego, California, where they were re-conditioned, are already serving with Britain's naval forces.

And in the end the best thought always prevails in a free democracy.

Nowhere has our case been stated more passionately than in the great New York newspapers, the *New York Times* and the *Herald-Tribune*, and by American journalists like Dorothy Thompson and Walter Lippmann.

The tide has been slow to turn, but its ultimate movement has never been in doubt. Mr. Roosevelt has had to act cautiously for fear of being branded as "a war-monger."

But he has never hesitated to attack Hitler as the common enemy of mankind.

Through his skilful strategy the whole resources of American industry have been placed at our command, and when the Republicans selected a candidate as hostile to Hitler as himself, "isolationism" was stone dead.

To-day the stage is set for decisive action. It will not come until after the Presidential election in November, but the mind of America is made up.

It knows that its existence is menaced and that only the British Navy and the R.A.F. stand between it and disaster.

It knows that the predatory powers,

Germany, Italy and Japan, are out for the loot of the world, and that the American democracy is marked down as irrevocably as the British democracy.

With the deepening knowledge of this common peril the United States is being drawn inexorably into our orbit.

Each step she takes emphasises this. Consider what those steps portend.

She has, through the Pan-American Conference, mobilised all the democracies of America, North and South, and issued a collective "Hands off" to the dictators.

She has, with Canada, set up a single authority to explore measures for the common defence of the North American continent.

Now she has transferred ships to the British Navy in exchange for bases for her own defence.

IF THIS IS NOT PARTICIPATION IN THE WAR, IT IS, AS THEY SAY IN THE NORTH, "AS NEAR AS MAKES NOWT."

No nation can remain with one foot in a war and one outside. Non-belligerency is not a policy; it is only a pause.

THE great gesture of co-operation now made by the two English-speaking commonwealths indicates that the pause is running out. It foreshadows the future course of the war.

Its effect is already apparent in the dismay of the enemy countries and the frenzied screams of Hitler.

It is apparent also in the events in the Far East. If Japan hesitates openly to back the Axis powers and set the Pacific in a blaze it is because she sees the red light at Washington.

The American Fleet is on guard in the Pacific, and the economic stranglehold of America upon Japan could bring the latter's war machine to stagnation.

And the significance of the gesture goes beyond the war. It throws a beam of light over the future.

Nearly 140 years ago, in the midst of Napoleon's attempt to dominate the world, President Jefferson said that the moment the attempt threatened America it would

"seal the union of two nations who, in conjunction, can maintain the exclusive possession of the ocean. From that moment we [America] must marry ourselves to the British Fleet and nation."

To-day another more formidable threat hangs over the world and over America. To-day the combined navies of Britain and the United States could in co-operation end the war and establish a just peace.

Then together they could dedicate their power to the outlawry of war and the final banishment of Hitlerism from the earth.

That is the beam of light which the Anglo-American gesture throws over the future.

ARGUE IT OUT

By PALLAS

When It's Folly To Be "Brave"

AS we were discussing—for a change!—the air raids, one man who should know better—he's an ex-soldier and a family man—said he "rather liked" the raids, thought them "rather fun."

That was before the air blitzkrieg got really going.

The man who "rather liked" the raids has changed his mind. A couple of bombs which exploded near his house helped him to revise his opinion.

No one of intelligence or reason can like air raids. Those winged furies in the skies reduce us on the ground to a feeling of helplessness.

But they don't arouse panic or intense fear. I was in a crowded Surrey town the other morning when the wail of the siren came screaming through the sunlit sky.

The people—they were nearly all women out shopping—just vanished from the streets. Some jumped into cars and made for home; others went into cafés. There was no scurry, no feminine flutters, no sign of emotional stress.

I wish Terrorist No. 1 could have seen the effect of his approaching bombers on those women. That experience, more than any other, would have convinced him of the tough proposition he is up against.

* * *

I have yet to see real fear in an air raid. I have been in pubs and clubs, in shops and offices, in town and country when the sirens have sounded.

And everybody I saw everywhere I went accepted the situation and carried on.

I drank a couple of bitters in one pub during a raid. While I drank I studied with some amusement a notice which began, "In the event of a raid this house will be closed."

Two men carried on their game of darts. Four more continued to play crib. Life flowed on normally except for the sound of hurrying feet as men of the Home Guard manned their posts.

Because of this calm showing it would be stupid to assume that there was no reaction to the warning. There was. There must be.

When the first raids came we went to the safest part of the house and waited for the "All clear."

Now, unless bombs are falling near, we carry on. It's the only thing to do.

* * *

But those people who stand in the open and stare at the sky when dog fights are on overhead are just foolish.

It isn't brave to stand around and expose one's life. It is stupid.

There is no heroism about it, only foolhardiness. Some people do it because they are a little bit afraid. They do it to prove that they are not afraid.

Some people refuse to take shelter because they think that by doing so they will be termed windy. I have never heard so fatuous an argument.

The purpose of shelters is to keep down the number of casualties.

Those who shelter when danger is imminent are helping the country. Those who risk life and limb unnecessarily are a liability.

I do not suggest that vital industry should cease when the sirens go. It is essential that such work should continue until the peril of bombing is near.

But I do suggest that the man and woman in the street should get off the street when the sirens go.

It is a duty they owe themselves, their families and their country.



Black watch!...

Angus is a 'plus' dog, trustworthy, fit, never scratches, never sulks. What a dog! What a friend!... And all because master conditions him every day with Bob Martin's—the famous powders which by purifying the blood, lift him to the highest possible level of canine fitness. So remember—one Bob Martin's once a day will make your dog a 'plus' dog with better health, better coat, better spirits.

BOB MARTIN'S Condition Powders

From all chemists and dog-food shops, in packets 6d. & 1s.

YES, we're having tea
in the Garden...



but
'FAMILY HEALTH'
comes first!



Before meals—wash with Family Health Toilet Soap! That's an excellent health rule. The antiseptic lather of Family Health prevents any danger of infection from the hands, and keeps the pores of the skin healthy. Appoint Family Health Soap as your family health-warden.

KH 60-54-65

JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED — SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1810



What should be your war-time nightcap?

FOR one reason or another, almost all of us have an extra strain to bear nowadays.

You may be working overtime: this imposes a physical and a nervous strain upon you. If, like so many people these



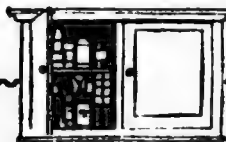
days, you have also to endure emotional stress you have a further burden. And all of us have to armour ourselves against the general war "nerviness" that crops up now and

then in the form of short-tempered irritability, or acute tiredness.

Our best defence is to have deep, healing sleep. Nothing is so restorative as a good night's sleep. Yet more than anything else—except actual air-raid conditions—it is this nervous tautness that prevents sleep, or, even when you "drop off" keeps you uneasily on the surface of sleep. This is why, in war-time, your choice of a nightcap is especially important.

You will find that, after a cup of hot Horlicks last thing, you get the deep, sound sleep that is truly restoring. Unlike stimulants, which naturally tend to aggravate wakefulness, Horlicks has a soothing and quietening effect. In addition, Horlicks has the advantage of being highly nourishing, and so easy to digest that it puts no strain on the stomach during sleep. Horlicks is made from wheat, malted barley and pure full-cream milk—one of the best "protective" foods.

Let Horlicks help you to get good, truly restorative sleep tonight. Make it your regular nightcap, and see how it helps you stand the strain. For when you get the good sleep and the extra nourishment that Horlicks gives, you will be able to take both work and worry in your stride. Start tonight! Prices are the same as pre-war: from 2/- Mixers from 6d. At chemists and grocers.



EMERGENCY STORE

The keeping qualities of Horlicks, combined with those already referred to, make it one of the most valuable of all foods for the emergency store cupboard. Even after it has been opened, Horlicks will keep in perfect condition if the screw-top is firmly replaced on the bottle. This is a great advantage, especially when you remember that Horlicks contains milk, is naturally sweet and is therefore very valuable in an emergency.

In order to ensure that a supply of Horlicks will always be available for people even in an emergency, depots have been established at 50 strategic points throughout the country. Large stocks of Horlicks are safely stored at these depots and will be drawn on when ever necessary.



HORLICKS

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN-MINUTE STORY



Well, there was the kid sailing his boat in the horse-trough . . . Select the vision and concentrate on it—that was the idea.

The Pilgrim

By HEDLEY BARKER

OUT of sight—out of mind—so Mr. Jolly thought. He thrust the letter into his inside pocket and got on with his breakfast. In the train he concentrated on his paper—or thought he did.

It generally lasted him as far as Bradwick.

But long before Bradwick he was staring out of the window.

His eye focused on the concrete roads and the filling-stations to see a kid sailing a paper boat in a horse-trough.

A bit of an expert with his eyesight was Mr. Jolly.

Out of his office window in the murk of London he had been seeing figures in an ever-mounting total. Credits at the bank, five per cent. funding loan. Stocks and shares and drafts and policies maturing.

For thirty years.

Thirty years is a long time.

Almost the difference between a grandson and a grandfather.

And now—

Well, there was the kid sailing his boat in the horse-trough.

Not that this was any of Mr. Jolly's doing. Select the vision and concentrate on it—that was the idea. But this morning something had gone wrong with the selection department.

The kid and the horse-trough kept on cropping up. So Mr. Jolly decided it was about time he took charge. He said to himself:

"I will take that letter out of my pocket and destroy it at once."

He took it out.

And then, as he felt for his spectacles, he knew that he had failed again. He began to read it for the second time.

It was from his old nurse—the only link left with his family.

Thirty years, she said, was a long time to stay away from home.

"I can hardly credit," she said, "that you're fifty-four. I still have that photo of you in cricket flannels taken at eighteen, and as that's the last one I have of you I sometimes wonder what you're like."

Well, what was he like?

Mr. Jolly stood up in the empty compartment and looked at fifty-four. He saw a greying beard, spectacles, soberness, determination, thirty years whizzing round on the clock like mad, the grin of the awkward youth with the cricket-bat.

HE sat down, subdued.

"You'd be surprised," the letter went on. "Nothing has altered here. Belton folk are long-lived, and they don't seem to age much. Mrs. Farley still sells butter-balls at the post office, and old George Lodge still takes pigs to Featherby market."

"I suppose it's no good asking you to come down, though if new oven-bottom cake would tempt you we still make it here. Anyway, the invitation's there, and a bed waits for you, so I'll leave you to think it over."

Firmly, Mr. Jolly put the letter away.

No, it was no good asking him to go down.

Impossible.

By the time he had reached Liverpool Street he was well ahead with the day's plans.

First the letters, then conference with departmental managers, appointments, the new extension scheme.

Mr. Jolly strode to the office briskly, once more captain of his fate. He hung up his hat, sat down in his padded chair.

"Dictation, Miss, please. Dear Sir,—In reply to yours of even date —"

And then he stopped, staring out of the window, considering the view. Broken chimney-pots, dirty bricks, soot, "Flux Won't Snrink Woollens." Mr. Jolly passed a hand over his eyes. Up there among the chimney-pots he could see the kid sailing his paper boat.

IT went on for a week.

He grew haggard, thin, dull of eye. Overwork, his doctor said. Mr. Jolly came fuming into the office an hour late that morning. He looked all in.

"Dear Sir," he began. "In reply to yours of the 15th inst. —"

And then he stopped. At last he was beaten; he couldn't go on.

He must turn back; turn back and meet the youngster with his paper boat, shake hands with awkwardness in cricket flannels, pause awhile by the old mill.

Mr. Jolly was dreadfully homesick.

No, it wasn't a complete change that he wanted. It was the sameness of thirty years ago preserved in Time.

Nothing has altered here.

Mrs. Farley still sells butter-balls at the post office.

"Delete," said Mr. Jolly, in a tone of determination. "Dear Sir.—Your letter of even date does not interest me. I am going home.—Yours faithfully, A. W. Jolly. How's that?"

And before the astonished Miss Pinkney could recover he had put on his hat and gone out.

All the way to Belton Mr. Jolly's heart went nineteen to the dozen. A load had been lifted from his mind. Already he felt ten years younger. The business could go hang; he didn't care if he never saw the office any more.

Oblivious of the old life and all it stood for, Mr. Jolly closed his eyes and settled down to turn out the cupboard of memory.

Rapily he considered its fascinating odds and ends—sticklebacks flashing silver from a jam-jar, the taste of elderberry wine, the slow waving of corn in the breeze, the soothing rattle of the self-binder on a hot afternoon.

He smiled, squirmed with pleasure in his seat.

He laughed aloud when old Charlie the carrier showed up at the station. Nothing had altered—not even the nail protruding from the seat of his cart.

Mr. Jolly tore his expensive trousers on it as he climbed down.

But, bless you, what was that?

Mr. Jolly was rigid, holding his breath as he became part of the magic—the magic of arrested Time.

Not a single new house, not even a garage, the same old oak still brooding over the pond. Mr. Jolly had the queer feeling that he had slept backwards for three parts of a lifetime and had woken up to find himself a young Rip Van Winkle.

His old nurse had worn the green brooch ever since he could remember. She gave him a kiss smelling of lavender and put a pinch of sugar in the teapot.

"Is the horse-trough still at the top of the hill?" asked Mr. Jolly.

"Bless you, yes! We don't go pulling things about in Belton."

Mr. Jolly shook his head. "It's a queer feeling."

"What is?"

"All this. Getting out at the station and seeing old Charlie. The nail sticking

up in his seat. Could you fix up these trousers for me?"

Emma smiled.

"It'll be like old times," she said.

Mr. Jolly took out his watch. Time for his bath.

"Nay," said Emma, drily, "not in Belton. We haven't got to that yet. Remember the old hip-bath your mother used to have? I'll put you some water on."

"No, don't bother," said Mr. Jolly, hastily.

A little dashed, he got up and wandered down the village street.

Nothing had altered, nobody had died. He found himself staring dumbfounded at the chair outside old Jim Berry's cottage with Jim Berry still sitting in it. They shook hands.

"Remember me?"

"Ar. You'll be Tom Jolly's youngest. Been away, 'aven't 'ee?"

That shook sudden laughter out of Mr. Jolly. Yes, he'd been away. And now he'd come back—to what?

The smell of lavender bath-salts pursued him, a cloud of rising steam. He turned into the little post office. Lucky bags and leather bootlaces and hundreds-and-thousands and cheese and black treacle.

Yes, Mrs. Farley remembered him. Well, well! Did he mind the time when he had put the grass-snake in her shopping basket?

Mr. Jolly asked for an evening paper, Mrs. Farley shook her head.

"Might's well ask me for the moon," she informed him. "What with the war and petrol shortage, they won't deliver. You haves to have 'em sent by post. Three months it is since they delivered a paper in Belton village. Nearest place is Braintree."

Braintree. Old Charlie's cart with its punishing nail. Soberly Mr. Jolly walked home. The village dreamed in a quiet dusk, the blue smoke stood up straight and ghostly in the windless air.

Bats flitted jerkily about the thatches. Nothing had altered.

STAY, though! Mr. Jolly remembered one thing—the radio. Emma was out when he arrived home. He hurried into the parlour, switched it on. Nothing. Only a deep, a tomblike silence, into which presently fell the hoot of a solitary owl and the click of the gate outside. Emma came in.

"I just wanted to listen," explained Mr. Jolly, "to the Stock Exchange quotations."

Gently, Emma shook her head.

"It's broke," she said, "I've been waiting for the man to come in from Braintree. But I suppose it's hardly worth his while, really."

And then she smiled.

"Tell 'ee what I have got, though. Oven-bottom cake."

Mr. Jolly's heart sang.

"New?"

"Fresh out of the oven."

Mr. Jolly awoke that night with starting eyes. Knives grappled him. A terrible pain, an agony racked his chest. With his heart labouring like a hunted stag he sat up in terror. He cried out. What was this thing torturing him?

Oven-bottom cake!

At eleven the next morning Mr. Jolly hung up his hat.

In the office.

When Miss Pinkney came in, a little staggered, he was staring at the view.

"Fine," he said. "Grand! Look at the sun behind those chimney-pots."

With relish he rubbed his hands, drew up his chair. A hard lump discommoded him as he sat down. He put a hand in his pocket, drew out a paper bag. Viciously he aimed at the waste-paper basket Mrs. Farley's butter-balls.

"Dictation Miss, please," he said crisply. "Dear Sir,—In reply to yours of even date . . ."



A valuable supply of actual nerve food

A LEADING MEDICAL AUTHORITY HAS WRITTEN:

'The importance of phosphates as building material in the body can scarcely be overrated. They enter into the composition of the cell nuclei and are abundantly present in the bones and the central nervous system. It is highly important that there should be a full supply of phosphates in the food of growing children.'

Fry's Cocoa is especially valuable at the present time because laboratory analysis shows that it is exceptionally rich in phosphates. In these days of work under pressure, worry, broken sleep, and general nervous strain, the extra protection which Fry's Cocoa gives to the nerves is invaluable.

ON THE HOME FRONT

Fry's is an all-round food as well. It puts extra nourishment into meals and makes a splendid nightcap — nourishing but easy to digest.

To make every penny count Don't forget when you are planning how to keep the family well-fed in spite of rationing and rising prices, you get as much energy out of the cups of cocoa from a fivepenny tin of Fry's (made in the usual way with milk, sugar and water) as you do from 1½ lb. of best steak. Ask to-day specially for:



FRY'S COCOA

Rich in Nerve food

DOWN IN PRICE
NOW **5^D**
QTR
LB

C796-9840



PARK DRIVE

PLAIN OR CORK

TIP (MILD)

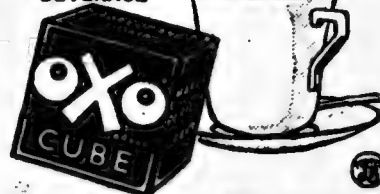
for pleasure!

IN THE NATIONAL INTEREST

PLEASE EMPTY YOUR PACKET AND LEAVE IT WITH THE TOBACCONIST



AND REFRESHING
BEVERAGE



-ONLY NEEDS HOT WATER!

7 for 6

THE NEW
SPECIALLY PROCESSED
STEAD
RAZOR BLADES
IN WEEKLY WALLET
OR ONE PENNY EACH

In 15 minutes you'll feel much better!

10 Drops of Phosferine
will start the famous
tonic action

The very first dose will add to your staying power and every succeeding dose will go on putting back into you what overwork, worry or illness take away—energy, strength, vitality, confidence. Countless thousands to-day are taking Phosferine—for they know that the greater the strain the greater the need for this wonderful tonic.

TABLETS or LIQUID. 1/2, 3/- & 5/-.

Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/2 size; you save almost 2/-.

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Depression	Nervous	Sciatica
Headache	Sleeplessness	Anaemia
Indigestion	Influenza	Debility
Brain Fog	Rheumatism	Neurasthenia

WARNING: THE PUBLIC IS WARNED AGAINST PURCHASING WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.



Voice of the People

PRAYERS FOR THE MISSING PADRE : TRADER REPRI-MANDED FOR FARTHING OVERCHARGE : GIFT FROM GERMANY HELPS SPITFIRE FUND : SOLDIERS PLEAD FOR BRIGHTER SUNDAYS IN SCOTTISH CAMPS : SKY-LIGHT BLACK-OUT DODGERS

I CAN'T tell you how moved I was by JOHN BULL's article on the work of chaplains to the Forces. Our thirty-year-old rector of Ideford, Newton Abbot, the Rev. O. J. King, was posted missing at Dunkirk. His parishioners went to his little church to pray for his return, but days turned to weeks, weeks to months without anything being heard. Now comes news that he is safe.—L. R., Newton Abbot, Devon.

HAVING had to close my library tea-room because of war time difficulties, I refuse to waste window space. I cut out from JOHN BULL everything I think the public should read, and paste it behind the glass. The interest displayed shows how valuable is this work.—Mrs. E. C. Hatley, Princes Risboro', Bucks.

THE Government expects farmers to borrow at 5 per cent. Under the Control of Wool Order the Government has adjusted the rate of interest on money due to them at 3½ per cent. Borrowing at 5 per cent. to lend at 3½ per cent. would ruin a millionaire.—S. J. D., Market Harborough, Leicestershire. Government is also lending railways up to £26,500,000 at 2½ per cent.!

OVERCHARGED one farthing. I lodged a complaint. By return of post I received an acknowledgment from the Ministry of Food. A few hours later a representative of the Ministry called at my house, and by the end of the week the trader concerned had been taught his lesson.—V. W., Templepatrick, Belfast.

NOVELISTS and dramatists don't seem to be doing their job of immortalising the heroism of British fighting men. Surely these stirring exploits are not doomed to survive only in the dull pages

of official histories that few people can afford to buy?—L. J. C., Malefant Street, Cathays, Cardiff. There was no great demand for war novels until 1920; for war plays until 1922. As far as entertainment is concerned, readers and playgoers want relief from war while war is on. They turn to it later.

AMONG the many gifts made to provide aluminium for Spitfires, can you beat this one? An ex-sergeant of the Royal Lancs Regiment has sent to the receiving office a set of solid aluminium false teeth presented to him while a prisoner in Germany during the last war. A gift with a bite in it!—P. Gatley, Leigh, Lancs.

MAY I, as a grocer, solve the Great Condensed Milk problem presented by a reader, who couldn't buy a tin from her own grocer, and was refused by another with supplies because she wasn't registered with him? Shops are allowed monthly 50 per cent. of one-twelfth of their 1938 supplies. Some tradesmen have lost a lot of customers through movements of population; others have gained them. The result is the discrepancy my fellow-reader observes.—Retailer, Clifton Street, Cardiff.

ENGLISH, Welsh, Irish and other soldiers in Scotland find the Scots are wonderful hosts and most likeable people, but we all wonder whether they couldn't make a little Sunday concession to us. Sundays here are terribly, terribly dull! No pictures, no drinks, no entertainments; only the barrack-room. Scots themselves can tolerate such Sundays, because they have their homes, wonderful homes, but it is hard on the soldier—and will be harder still, I think,

through the winter.—D. D. P., Edinburgh. Scots people would make this concession, but it depends on officialdom, and officialdom is officialdom on both sides of the border.

GLAD to see a reader ventilates scandal of a housewife having to pay a shilling fee before she can get the form filled in enabling her to get her allowance. But the police can help. If soldiers' dependants go to the local police station they can save that shilling—and save a lot of time into the bargain.—Edna Nichol, Cyde Street, Ashton, Preston.

WE liked your article fighting against the establishment of an aristocracy within the Home Guard. Let us fight this war democratically. A.R.P. personnel are being issued with black hats, white hats, red hats, yellow hats—all distinguished with a variety of mysterious symbols. It is to create snobbish distinctions, and it wastes valuable paint.—Warden, Co. Durham. Post wardens and deputy post wardens should wear white hats; rest black hats. All other efforts to create distinctions are silly.

CALL the police if a stranger should seek to make use of a top window of your house in an air raid. While enemy aircraft were about, two men called at my block of flats, pretending to be doctors looking for a patient. One had a bag that might well have contained a strong torch; the other a cut thumb, probably a sign that he had been climbing to some vantage point. Challenged, these two "doctors" ran as fast as their legs could carry them, and the police are still seeking them.—G. M. Roope, London, N.

LOOKING at a sporting newspaper I saw a photograph of soldiers in battle-dress taking part in a shoot on the moors Somewhere in Britain. Surely, these men could be better employed helping with the harvest than assisting at what is, in these days, a luxury sport.—J. Davies, Mayfield Avenue, West Ealing. Boredom is one of the worst enemies our troops have to face. This, War Office believes, may be a local effort to counteract it. Such shoots are certainly not officially recognised. British soldiers hunted wild boar in the Crecy Forest, France, 1914-18, for the same reason.

PHOTOGRAPHERS whose prices are reasonable are finding trade booming with so many soldiers eager to be photographed with their families. But many photographers are not giving their retouchers and finishers a square deal. Rates are often so low for highly skilled work that in many instances assistants cannot earn more than 45s. a week for highly skilled artistic work that can take great toll of the eyesight. I know instances where 2½d. is paid in labour on prints sold for four shillings—not a bad rate of profit.—H. S., Kenton, Middlesex.

SURELY these are not days for the country to waste money. Yet I know fifty men who have been given respirators as first aid men at their place of business, are provided with general service gas masks for their off-duty A.R.P. duties, and have civilian masks as well. The cost of millions of respirators could be saved if we made one gas mask



This old horse-bus air raid shelter, covered with a decorative rock garden, has travelled a long way since it was a King's carriage

HERE in this South Coast town you will find Britain's quaintest air raid shelter. It is an old horse bus in which King Edward VII once travelled. It was kept because of that fact. Aerial battles have taken place over it. A bomb has fallen in the road near. Yet the owner's family has remained inside in perfect comfort and security. The raid over, they can move their seats to look at the rock-garden built over it.—Norman Wymer, "Somewhere on the South Coast." Quaint, yes—but we wouldn't call it the quaintest shelter. One has been built from parts of a cell in old Newgate prison.

one man the rule.—L. W., Thistle Street, Paisley, Scotland. "John Bull" man, who is a warden at home and in the office, has two respirators, two complete A.R.P. outfits, needs them both because they are too heavy to carry around.

YOU won't find anywhere in the world a people more ready to put up with inconvenience in the national cause than the British. Yet unnecessary inconvenience, such as many country people are having to endure through the parsimony of the post office, creates just as much anger as at any other time. Through the closing of sub-post offices, we have to walk four miles daily for our letters, now left at a private house. To answer a letter by return means a journey of sixteen miles.—George Lowes, Yearning Hall, Harbottle, Morpeth, Northumberland.

PROBABLY there isn't an unhappier man in the British Army than my husband. He is a reservist who joined his unit when war broke out. Yet up to now he hasn't heard an air raid siren or explosion or seen a German aeroplane. Three times his unit has seen some activity—but always when he has been on leave. And when he has been on leave with me nothing has happened. Because I have been through twenty-odd air raids, he tells me jokingly: "I'm going to make my war medals payable to you."—Mrs. E. Foster, London, S.W.

Cash Prizes

★ This is YOUR feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent, 2s. 6d. is paid to the reader of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

EASTBOURNE COURIER:—"It is a colourful story of Old Russia before, during and after the Revolution."

CHORLEY GUARDIAN:—"He has just completed a two years' course in mathematics at Princeton University, where he went after winning a scholarship in 1938."

BOLTON JOURNAL AND GUARDIAN:—"The closing down of many small businesses and reduction of staff in others had thrown many RAINED women out of work."

IRISH INDEPENDENT:—"The one comment which nearly everyone emphasised was the 'sociability' and spontaneous fun which was characteristic of Irish holiday crows."

SCOTTISH DAILY EXPRESS:—"A few days ago, to surprise Graziani, British armoured-car patrols popped up in the desert after he thought he had got them out of his hair."

DAILY SKETCH:—"Two thousand feet below it a parachute belloyed—one of the Nazi crew coming down."

EVENING STANDARD:—"Everything in the life of an A.T.S. girl..."

MANCHESTER EVENING CHRONICLE:—"In another town an incendiary bomb dropped on the roof of a theatre, and the audience filled out quietly."

BRIISTOL EVENING WORLD:—"A large comb pitched in a field on the opposite side of the road to a row of six cottages."

BOLTON EVENING NEWS:—"He has destroyed splendid qualities of leadership and courage with a complete disregard for his own safety."

JOIN THE £500 TREASURE HUNT!

HERE'S just the thing to take your mind off war time worries—and fill your purse as well! Turn to Page 23 and join in this week's "Treasure Hunt" for **Bullets and Crossword** prizes value over £500. Once you begin on your entry you will realise why scores of JOHN BULL readers are turning to competitions to-day; they provide a cheap, convenient and interesting hobby which makes you forget even the "All Clear" siren!

3 LETTERS FROM PEOPLE WHO BROKE DOWN IN HEALTH



They couldn't EAT...
They couldn't SLEEP...
They lost WEIGHT...

IN EVERY CASE A FEW DOSES OF DR. CASSELLS TABLETS BEGAN A Wonderful Recovery

1. DR. CASSELLS SAVED MY LIFE

"Following an illness I went from 10 stone 5 to 7 stone. Someone recommended Dr. Cassells Tablets—I took 2 in the day and 2 last thing at night. I slept six hours that night... a thing I had not done for months. I put on weight. I shall always say Dr. Cassells saved my life."
Mrs. A. B. Serby.

2. OFF WORK WITH BREAKDOWN

"I came off work with a serious nervous breakdown. Then I tried Dr. Cassells Tablets—and from the first bottle I began to regain my health. I enjoy my food and my sleep is normal."
Mr. F. S. Bolton.

3. I BLESS THE DAY I TOOK THEM

"I had a nervous breakdown. In spite of treatment I did not get any better. I bless the day I started to take Dr. Cassells Tablets. I sleep better and eat better—and no longer have pain after meals."
Mrs. L. P. Birmingham.

★ THE QUICK TONIC ACTION OF DR. CASSELLS TABLETS IS THE SECRET OF THESE AMAZING RESULTS! Get a bottle today! Prices: 1/3, 5/-, and 5/- everywhere. Trial size 6d.

TAKE
**Dr. CASSELLS
TABLETS**

AND YOU WILL
**EAT BETTER!
SLEEP BETTER!
FEEL BETTER!**

Keep that happy expression

When the problems of the day seem beyond you, light up a "Player".

In the enjoyment of its fragrant aroma difficulties become less formidable, and composure is restored.

Remember at all times that happy expression "Player's Please".

★
IN THE NATIONAL
INTEREST EMPTY YOUR
PACKET AT TIME OF
PURCHASE AND LEAVE
WITH YOUR
TOBACCONIST



MEDIUM OR MILD • PLAIN OR CORK-TIPS • 10 for 9d 20 for 1/5 1/2

N.C.C.529C

"I LOVE YOU"
he whispered



This can happen to you—
if you use this
amazing new beauty recipe

Every girl has longed to hear the music of the whispered words "I adore you"—and you can—soon. You can quickly make yourself lovelier, twice as attractive—really glamorous. Because an amazing new beauty recipe has been found. It will make the darkest, roughest skin soft and velvety-smooth—give you a skin *as* will love to touch. Sallow dull complexions, full of blackheads and blemishes, become fresh, clear and *extremely* lovely in only a few days. Read this Skin Specialist's advice: "Pre-digested dairy cream and olive oil have an amazing beautifying effect on the skin. They are now contained—blended with tonic, astringent and nourishing ingredients—in Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood (White, non-greasy). In 3 days Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood will beautify your skin in a way you never dreamed possible. With Tokalon Vanishing Skinfood successful results are positively guaranteed or money refunded in full."

GERM ATTACK COMING

Menace of Epidemics : Safety in
your breath : What to wear

You've had no holiday, plenty of worry and broken nights. Your vitality is low. Epidemics threaten from ravaged Europe. You dare not have feverish colds, flu and worse. Your very life may depend on leaving bed. Make yourself immune now.

Doctors agree you need constant Iodine in your blood to resist germs—tiny quantities every minute every day. Breathe it in by wearing a Simpson Iodine Diffuser Locket. 3,000,000 people have proved its protection. Not magic, but science. You wear it round your neck, or in vest pocket. Body heat drives off Iodine that rises continually to your nostrils. Iodine regulates your whole health. That's why Iodine-charged sea air is so good.

Don't wait. A Simpson Locket costs only 1/9d. From chemists. If difficulty, post free on receipt of price, from J. W. Simpson, (Chemist) Ltd. (Dept. K1), Bartlett's Passage, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4.

HUMANIST this week discusses the problem of the young married people who are afraid of bringing children into a world that is simmering in the cauldron of war. He warns the childless: comforts the courageous who are having

WAR BABIES

SURPRISING how many people are discussing whether young married couples should raise families in war time.

And I have received so many letters suggesting that the subject should be discussed on this page that I must quote three opinions.

"Only yesterday," says one correspondent, "a serious-minded friend said it was criminal to bring children into the world in such times as these."

"And I know two youngsters, married two years ago, who are facing this problem now. The husband is a professional man; the wife is equally well-educated."

"For financial reasons they could not afford a child during the first year of marriage, but those reasons have now disappeared."

"They are both longing for a child, but problems created by the war are looming ahead."

"They know there is no place of absolute security, yet they are prepared to risk it."

"In spite of what my serious-minded friend declared, two such people are the right sort to have children, and if a new world order is to be established we must plan now for the coming generation capable of bringing it about."

THE GREATEST OF THESE

MILE END ROAD, in London's crowded, dusty East End, is not the best place in which to seek good health, especially if you are a victim of tuberculosis.



Yet Stephen Hadley is bravely trying to make the best of it, paying seven shillings a week rent out of sixteen shillings he receives from his pension and his National Health Insurance.

To recover, he should have no anxiety, yet he can't help being troubled when trying to buy food, clothes and other necessities out of nine shillings.

We feel sure you will help him! Please earmark your donation "Mile End" or for the General Fund, and post to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

There are no deductions for administration expenses; every penny sent is devoted to the Fund.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office. A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

WE ARE GRATEFUL TO THOSE WHO SEND TO US ANONYMOUSLY.

What the writer is thinking is clear enough.

He fears that children are being born to the feckless and irresponsible, whereas the more thoughtful sections of the nation are in danger of dying out.

That would be a national calamity.

If professional people, and those who are "comfortably off," are afraid to take the risks, then the next generation will be the children only of those who don't make such calculations.

I am not a snob.

I don't think that professional people are necessarily superior to others. A class that is afraid to take risks deserves to die out.

They do not say "Yes" to the challenge of life.

People who prefer their own pleasure (owning a car, for example, or being free to travel) to rearing two or three healthy youngsters don't know what happiness they are missing.

They represent a failure in nature.

There has been an unbroken line from Adam, but with them it comes to an end.

While some are evading the responsibilities of a family, others are eating their hearts out because they have none.

"Is it fair," writes a woman, "for a happily married couple to have one child only merely to please the husband?"

"I have one child only."

"When I mention having another, my husband says it is better to raise one properly and let her have a few 'extras'."

"I do not agree."

"My own child has been evacuated for nearly a year, and I feel I cannot stand the emptiness of life."

"I am not an only child; nor is my husband."

"Why should not my child have a brother or sister?"

I always feel sorry for an only child.

Things are better to-day than they were before there were nursery schools, but a child needs something more than the society of adults.

It is pathetic to see only children "inventing" brothers and sisters, playing at "pretend" for want of reality.

If people restrict their families to one child, the population will be halved in a generation.

A century hence it will be one-sixteenth of what it is to-day.

Allowing for those who do not marry, there should be at least three children in each home to keep the nation going.

Virtually no one demands the huge families ("Rugger teams") of fifty years ago, but I think the man who refuses to have more than one child is being neither reasonable nor fair.

ANOTHER letter, from an older man signing himself "Grandpa," says that of a family of seven children his four daughters have given him eight grandchildren.

"Two of my sons are married," he adds; "the third is determined to remain a bachelor to the end."

"One son is the father of two girls, the other son has one girl. There, apparently, the family is to stop."

"I am troubled by the thought that the family name will disappear altogether. Eleven grandchildren, but no one to perpetuate my name!"

"It makes me rather sad."

"You cannot solve this problem for



"Those married couples who prefer a car, or devote their lives to pleasure, don't know what fun they are missing through not raising a family."

me, Humanist. It is one of the insoluble problems of life."

The majority of men like to be assured that their name will be carried on after they are gone.

The desire may be only sentimental, but that does not make it less real.

Pity that the bachelor son has no such ambition!

He may yet change his mind. Remember what Will Shakespeare said in "Much Ado":—

"When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married!"

The grandfather need not give up hope yet awhile.

FINALLY, I want to quote a letter that needs no comment.

"Let me pay tribute to the wives of Great Britain," says the writer. "A recent experience has taught me what a debt of gratitude I owe to my own."

"She has been ill, and I have had to be temporary mother, servant, caterer, cook, housewife, and lots of other things too."

"Doorbells ringing, doorstep canvassers wheedling, errand boys whistling, kiddies squalling, dishes breaking, food burning in the oven, milk boiling over... what a time it was, and how glad I am to be back in the factory for peace and quietude!"

"In those days when I managed the house for an invalid wife, I never had time to stop for a rest, and I'm still puzzled to know how my wife managed to do it and to look cheerful on my return from work."

"I used to laugh at the old saying about women's work being never done, but I don't see the joke now."

"I'm mighty glad the wife is back at 'work' again."

"She has all the sympathy and far more respect from a husband who was in the habit of taking it all for granted."

"Don't you think, Humanist, that we men are a little bit ungrateful to the women who do so much for us?"

Guineas for Readers

Every week **HUMANIST** tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page without your name, of course.

JOHN BULL

Goering is the New Jonah

FOOD MINISTER LORD WOOLTON has just reassured housewives that their margarine ration, now complete with extra vitamins, is guaranteed for the duration. It may even be increased.

Behind his laconic statement is the story of an epic fight that started many years ago and is still being fought in Arctic and Antarctic waters, over mine-infested seas and through submarine-haunted waters.

It also hides one of the most thrilling stories of the war.

The fight is slowly but surely being won in the laboratories of British scientists; in the factories of British manufacturers.

Most people have a vague idea that margarine is connected with whale oil. Few realise how necessary it is that the supply of whale oil should be ensured not only to maintain that ration of margarine, but also the whole national war effort.

* * *

Oil is only one of the substances scientists have extracted from the ocean mammoth. Although each whale represents forty tons of oil, it also yields seventy tons of equally useful by-products, including a large quantity of meat for canning.

In fact, the whale has become one of Britain's most deadly "secret weapons."

For a long time Germany was planning to secure control of the whaling industry, yet Britain snatched it from the Nazi grasp.

When the war started the two greatest whaling fleets—British and Norwegian—narrowly escaped being destroyed by the Nazis.

The full story of their escape may not yet be told, but some details of the manner in which the Norwegian industry slipped but of Goering's clutches to put itself at British disposal may be revealed.

* * *

Anglo-Norwegian counter-action had been prepared as soon as it was known for certain that the Nazis intended to seize the superlatively equipped fleet of Norwegian whalers.

Long before they swooped on Norway, the Nazis had constructed their own whaling vessels to bring the Norwegian fleet to perfection. Vessels were to be complete, from harpoon-fitted, oil-fuelled destroyers to floating factories capable of handling forty whales a day.

In this way, Nazis banked on securing enough oil to see them through the war.

But the week before Germany swooped on Norway, every Norwegian whaler slipped out of reach and unobtrusively kept itself behind a British warship. And the Nazis couldn't do anything about it!

Because he was suspicious of Goering, Lord (then Sir John) Simon outbid the Nazis' attempt to corner the market when creating secret British reserves. In that single deal Britain deprived the Germans of a full year's supply of whale products.

Since then, U-boats and surface raiders have orders to seek and sink whaling vessels before all others.

But the British Navy sees to it that your margarine ration is guaranteed.

TO KEEP YOU FIT

in times like these



old friends are best

Take Beechams Pills and banish headaches, digestive upsets and liverishness by keeping your bowels regular—in nature's own way. You will keep your body slim, healthy, energetic. You will be cheerfully ready to face all the difficulties of times like these.

Obtainable everywhere

TAKE
**Beechams
Pills**

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

How to Build up RUNDOWN, NERVOUS, WEAK PEOPLE!

"RE-FUEL"
your body
with
"Vikelp's"
Minerals
and
Vitamins

Here's new hope and encouragement for you who are weakly, tired—you who are nervous, worried and worn-out. The cause of these conditions is simply that your system burns up too quickly Nature's supply of Minerals and Food Iodine. Ordinary tonics merely give you a temporary relief—you need something more lasting.

Now there is a way to replace these precious elements in your body. A recently discovered sea plant has been found to contain, in natural form, Iron, Phosphorus, Calcium, Sulphur, together with 5 other essential Minerals and Food Iodine, and an abundance of Vitamin B. This plant—the world's richest source of these substances—is concentrated and comes to you as "Vikelp"—showing you the way to new health, new strength, new energy.

Start "re-fuelling" your system with Vikelp Brand Tablets to-day. Note the definite results. Gradually you build up—become vigorous, vital, alert. Nerves steady. Spirits rise. You tingle with new-found health, strength and energy.

FREE

SEND NOW!

Send this coupon today for free booklet crammed full with vital information "How to Gain New Health, Energy and Strength." Write to Health Products Laboratories Ltd., Dept. J.B.S. 128/134 Baker St., London, W.1. (You need only 1d. stamp.)

NAME

ADDRESS

MEN OF COOL COURAGE

FIND BONDMAN
THE COOLEST
SMOKE OF ALL

Men, who have to keep a cool head for hours on end, demand perfect satisfaction from their tobacco when they have a moment to snatch a smoke. That is why Bondman's cool fragrance is particularly popular with men of H.M. Forces. Bondman is worth a trial!

LLOYDS'
Bondman
TOBACCO



THIS TIN IS VALUABLE
When you buy your Bondman kindly transfer the tobacco to your pouch and hand back the empty tin to the tobacconist. It will be hygienically cleaned and used again to provide you with the enjoyment of vacuum-sealed tobacco.

IN 1 oz. VACUUM TINS
RICH DARK VIRGINIA 1/7 per oz
EMPIRE BLEND - 1/8 per oz

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1



Arm him against body pests

On active service he continually runs the risk of picking up unpleasant pests. Against this danger you can arm him—by keeping him supplied with

a weekly tablet of Derbac Disinfectant Shampoo Soap (6d. and 1/-).

Derbac is recommended by doctors as the simplest certain disinfecting agent, and it is a strongly antiseptic safeguard which should be used regularly.

The kiddies, too, need Derbac's protection. Write for interesting booklet, HAIR HYGIENE, which we will send you free. Pure Products Limited, Colwick, Nottingham.

END THOSE TORMENTING PILES

If you suffer from piles (haemorrhoids) with constant pain, itching and swelling, you'll find wonderful relief in Zam-Buk Ointment. The refined herbal oils soothe and heal inflamed tissues, subdue pain, restrain bleeding and gradually remove the piles.

In addition to Zam-Buk Ointment for external piles you can now obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for inward use.

Zam-Buk 1/3
OINTMENT AND SUPPOSITORIES



IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 28 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3 and 3/4.

REDUCED

BUST 8ins.
HIPS 6ins.
WAIST ... 9ins.

Grateful lady says:—

"I thought you would be interested to know how your wonderful Silf reduced my weight from 12st. to 8st. 7lb. My measurements were:—Bust 42ins., Hips 42ins., and Waist 34ins. Now my measurements are:—Bust 34ins., Hips 36ins., and Waist 26ins., so you can see the marvellous difference."

Silf Brand Obesity Tablets are obtainable from all Chemists at 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per box (You save by purchasing the larger sizes), or post free by sending the price to:—THE SILF CO., LTD. (Dept. 46A), 38, SHAFESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.1. (These prices do not apply to Eire.) No proprietary rights claimed in the preparation of this remedy.



What do I do...

if I have no
shelter for
myself and
family?

I know that in my house there is one room which provides reasonable protection against the dangers of air attack, but that protection can be improved. So the first thing I do—today if possible—is to buy a book (price 3d.) called "YOUR HOME AS AN AIR RAID SHELTER," which tells me how to choose the best place in the house and how to improve it. I can get this book at any Post Office, order it from any newsagent or (by sending 4d. in stamps) obtain it direct from H.M. Stationery Office, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. I do it now because the safety of my family and myself may depend on my action.

Cut this out—and keep it!

Issued by The Ministry of Information
Space presented to the Nation
by The Brewers' Society

Great Offer to STOMACH SUFFERERS

If you suffer from Indigestion, Flatulence, Heartburn, Sickness, Discomfort after meals, get a 1/3 bottle of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder TO-DAY. If it does not bring relief, return empty carton to Macleans, Ltd., Brentford, and your money will be refunded in full. Accept this OFFER and put yourself on the path to complete Stomach Health, Good Appetite and Vigorous Digestion! But here is a VERY IMPORTANT point you MUST remember!

The supreme benefits of this famous remedy and of this Money Back Offer can only be enjoyed if you INSIST on MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder which is only genuine if the signature "Alex C. Maclean" appears on the bottle, carton or tin.

Look for this Signature *Alex C. Maclean*
From all Chemists. In bottles 1/3, 2/- 5/-
Also in Tablet Form in Handy Pocket Tins 6d.

RING'S BIG DRAMA

ALL the sports from Birmingham were there. Wearing gay mauve and gold rosettes in their buttonholes, they filled one side of the National Sporting Club, waiting impatiently to cheer their idol, Jabez White, the Jeweller's son, who had come to London to fight Jack Goldswain for the lightweight championship.

As he ducked under the ropes, fair-haired, blue-eyed, as slender and handsome as a chorus boy, a roar of welcome went echoing to the roof.

White stood bowing, smiling with cool assurance as he unfastened the cord of his elegant robe.

He was pale, almost delicate, with an almost girlish cast of features that seemed oddly out of place in the ring. His physique was unimpressive. One good punch, you would have said, would crumple him up.

Yet hard-headed sporting men from the Midlands had come to back this youngster at the fancy odds of three to one on.

And there was a good reason.

In all the country there was not a finer boxer than Jabez White. He might lack strength and punching power, but as a stylist he had no equal.

This frail looking youth had proved that an ounce of brain was worth a stone of brawn. He outboxed tough fighters who would have pummelled him insensible if they could have got to grips with him.

His matchless speed, his dazzling footwork, his superb artistry and his beautiful left hand punching always proved too much for them. There was not a lot of sting in that left, but it jabbed away with the accuracy and persistency of a piston-rod, ceaselessly piling up points.

White used the ring as though it were a chessboard, swiftly planning fresh moves to bewilder his opponents as he shifted on lightly dancing feet.

You could have taken a photograph of him at any moment in any one of his fights and used it in a text-book on boxing.

White never put foot or fist wrong.

Every step he took, every lead and counter, block and parry was made with the flawless technique of an artist.

SMALL wonder that he smiled with such confidence as he entered the National Sporting Club ring.

He was matched with a fighter of the type he had defeated again and again with almost ridiculous ease; tough and unimaginative Jack Goldswain, a rugged two-fisted battler whose only way to victory was a hay-making right hand.

Son of a dock labourer, solid and muscular, Goldswain was an out-and-out slugger. As he thought the ring was a place in which to fight, not think, he trained his body to take all the punishment his opponents could give; his punch easily flattened them after they had tired themselves out.

Goldswain was an honest, tear-away scrapper, a terror so long as he had the strength to keep his iron-hard fists whirling.

This is the story of the most dramatic three weeks in the history of boxing; it tells how Jack Goldswain, the Birmingham battler, put himself among the giants of the ring by taking a mysterious holiday

By A. W. HELLIWELL

He was the idol of the "fans" at the Wonderland where they liked their fighting crude; but even his greatest admirers thought little of his chances against White.

Goldswain's bull-in-a-china-shop tactics would get him nowhere.

It was a match between a wizard of defensive skill and a fighter who had nothing but a tough body and a crushing punch.

And so it might have ended if Jack Goldswain had not had more brains in his dark, close-cropped head than most people suspected.

He was a slugger because he possessed the strength and punch to succeed in that direct method of fighting; but he was no fool.

HE knew that he could not batter his way to victory against White; that he would have about as much chance of hitting a ghost as landing his deadly right fist on the Birmingham boy's chin; that all his brawn would be of no avail when pitted against White's brain.

So he mused.

Supposing Jack Goldswain, the Wonderland slugger, became a stylist!

Supposing he traded his hay-making right for a straight left!

Without saying a word to anyone, Goldswain asked the manager of the factory where he was employed for three weeks' holiday.

It was the first holiday he had ever taken, and he explained that he wanted to be thoroughly fit for the most important contest of his career.

Then he disappeared.

The sporting world imagined him toughening his already hard as nails body, swinging savagely at heavy punch-bags, trying to get a little more dynamite into his crude right hand.

Instead he was sparring delicately before a long mirror in a secret gymnasium, jabbing with a long straight left at a dancing punch-ball until he could hit it at will, skipping after his own shadow to polish up his footwork.

Those three weeks of secret preparation are the most dramatic in the history of the ring. They made Jack Goldswain one of the greatest lightweights in this country.

He succeeded in changing his style, and never before had sportsmen been more startled than in the opening minutes of his fight with White.

There was nothing in Goldswain's appearance to give away his secret.

He still looked the same broad-shouldered, mightily muscled battler as he stepped from his corner to touch gloves with the slightly built Jeweller's son.

His skin was swarthy in contrast to the Birmingham boy's milk-white body, his lips were set in a hard, grim line of concentration.

Confidently White awaited the bull-like rush.

He would meet it with a swift left that would stop the Londoner in his tracks.

It would be child's play to out-manceuvre this slow and clumsy bruiser.

To tempt him he shot out a tentative left, poised ready on his toes to evade the rush that was sure to follow.

Instead the dark bullet-head swayed a fraction to one side, and Goldswain's right flashed in a swift, neat counter.

There was nothing behind the punch, but it must have shaken White more than a blow many times as hard.

It was delivered with the skill of a master.

As Jabez moved away, the smile on his handsome face was a shade less bright, and in the succeeding minutes it faded completely.

At the same time there were murmurs of astonishment in the arena.

Instead of trying to slog his way to a swift knock-out, Goldswain was moving round the ring as gracefully as White, leading with a long, straight left that was smooth and accurate.

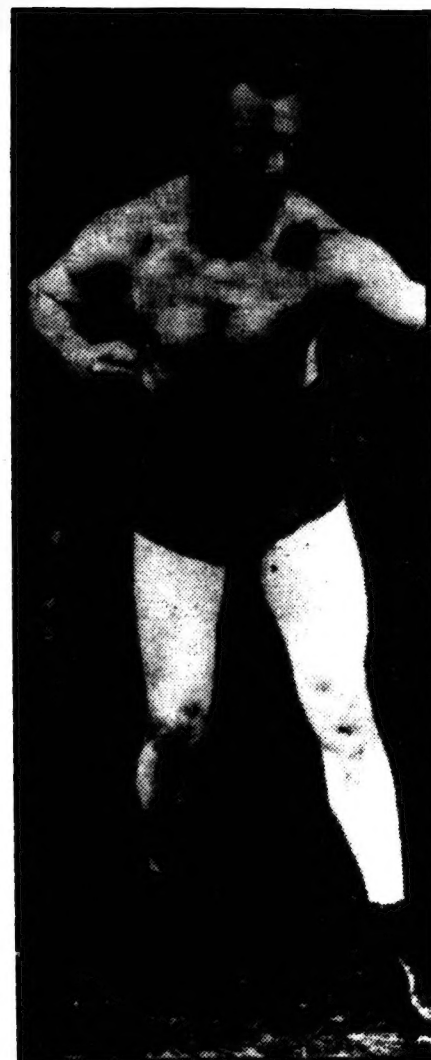
Once he realised that some miraculous change had altered Goldswain's style, Jabez settled down to box with all the skill at his command.

He fought like a champion, but Goldswain was too good for him.

Scores of times the Londoner was left with an opening for that hay-making right with which he had slammed so many opponents into unconsciousness, but he had determined to beat White by skill alone.

He refused to be tempted, and right until the final gong he never once took advantage of his superior strength and punching powers.

By that time he had amassed such an overwhelming lead in points that even White's staunchest supporters rose to cheer him.



When he went into hiding Jack Goldswain was a tear-away fighter who depended on brute strength for success; he returned, a ghost of his former self, a stylist who could out-box even a fighting wizard

THEY CHEER WHEN BOMBED!

MUCH-VAUNTED Nazi E-boats look like being expensive flops.

The R.A.F. has known all about them for the last three years, and squads of unsung heroes have been driving high-speed motor target-boats around our sea ranges, bombed and machine-gunned for twelve hours a day—so that R.A.F. pilots could get plenty of practice.

These boats are a development of the "200" class British power-speed boats. They are nearly forty feet long; are driven by three 100-horse-power engines, each turning a separate propeller.

* * *

Handling these target-boats is so dangerous that only volunteers are allowed to form the crews. There are three men to each, and they have been nicknamed "The Heroes' Brigade."

Plucky pilots take their target-boats through all sorts of seas, in all sorts of weather, while R.A.F. bombers do their best "to blast them out of the water" at ranges of anything between 1,000 to 15,000 ft.

Only the engine compartment and the control section are protected by stout bomb-proof armour-plating, resting on expanded rubber shock-absorbers to minimise the effects of a "bull's-eye."

Fore and aft sections are totally unprotected.

Whenever an aircraft registers a direct hit the bomb goes straight through the decking and the hull into

the sea below. The eleven and a half pound practice bombs rained on these unsinkable target-boats, are filled with tannic chloride to give off plenty of smoke when they burst, and they are fitted with delay-action fuses, so that they will not explode within the hull.

Yet there is always the chance of "an error."

* * *

As some bombs have been known to explode just a fraction of a second too soon, all observation ports are fitted with special splinter-and-bullet-proof glass. Crews work in steel helmets and gas-masks.

Target-boats go "flat out" all the time, twisting, turning and dodging to offer as difficult a target as possible.

Yet direct hits are so plentiful that each boat is equipped with a special smoke device to signal every time a bomb goes through it! And it is not surprising that only men with the toughest nerves can stand the strain without cracking.

* * *

Seasoned members of the crews seem to enjoy the risk.

"Oh, good shot, sir!" they cheer whenever a bomb leaves a hole in the boat.

As they see pilot's aim improving, they add: "He's getting better. It won't be long now!"

Three years of such practice has enabled the R.A.F. to deal efficiently with the E-boats wherever they have been sighted.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope marked "Free Advice" is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on page 22 to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

THE LAST LAUGH

R. N. (Bungay).—"A lot of fiction is read in the Army." Yes, especially those letters asking for extension of leave.

S. M. (Lewes).—"Is it true that our bombers use twice as much petrol as the German machines?" Yes, they have to fly back.

FARMER (Sussex).—"What sort of a crop do you think I got off the five-acre meadow?" Several tons of hay and a Heinkel?

F. J. (Tewkesbury).—"I was learning to cast a fly for trout the other day, and what do you think I caught?" Yourself in the ear?

F. L. (Leeds).—"Will Hitler drop Goering?" We don't know. In any case, we have complete confidence in our Anderson shelter.

F. B. (Nuneaton).—"A good referee examines the posts and nets before the game starts." And a wise one the exits.

J. D. G. (Leeds).—"A tobaccoist I know recently charged a man with pinching snuff from his shop." Oh, but snuff should be pinched!

F. B. (Reading).—"Just because the doctor is a good friend of mine he refuses to take anything when he attends me." What about your temperature?

G. P. (Exeter).—"I shot two dozen rabbits the other day, skinned them and took them to market, and what do you think I got?" Skinned.

J. M. (Guildford).—"We've had several varying statements from the Chancellor of the Exchequer lately. What do you think he is really after?" Money.

H. N. (Acton).—"In an effort to impress her with my prospects I told her about my rich uncle, but she will never marry me." You mean she became your aunt?

K. J. (Bristol).—"I notice that the authors of mystery stories are mostly men." Of course. What woman could keep the murderer's identity a secret until the last chapter?

Mrs. J. (Falmouth).—"Every evening when I call at my friend's she is writing to her husband." It's not fair to distract her so often—she might get the total wrong.

C. B. (Bath).—"A six-month-old rooster of mine is so fond of a champion steer that it pines if they are kept apart." It sounds like a cock and bull story to us.

R. L. (Chelsea).—"One or two plays planned for the autumn are to run a week before the critics are invited to see them." Theatrical producers are always optimistic.

VICAR (East Midlands).—"I understand that the new building opposite the parish hall is to be a public-house." Sah! Perhaps it would be best not to go into that.

P. D. (Watford).—"There's a new baby in the house next door and he cries all day and all night." That doesn't sound like a new baby—more like one with lots of experience!

F. J. (Rochester).—"I was digging up bindweed roots in my garden the other day when my curiosity was aroused and I dug down three feet. What do you think I found?" More roots.

G. F. (Walsall).—"The night that my husband proposed to me he looked perfectly silly." If you mention the matter to him now he may suggest that he was perfectly silly.

O. F. (Stepney).—"Not even the faintest chink or glimmer of light shows from my house during the hours of black-out." It is a nuisance when the electricity company cuts off the supply.

R. B. (Salop).—"Just to stop us picking a few blackberries, the miserable old farmer has erected a five-barred gate which is kept locked." Never mind. You'll soon get over that.

W. R. (Bedford).—"There is nothing wrong with the vision of the latest type of recruit." That explains why we so often hear the sergeant-major shouting out "Eyes right."

D. B. (Scotland).—"Two anglers and an old shepherd chased a German airman when he landed near here by parachute and tried to escape." They evidently meant to get him by hook or by crook.

P. B. (Malden).—"I was trying to remember the story of the porter who called out 'Oxshott, Bagshot and —'. What was the name of the third place?" Censored.

G. P. (Tutbury).—"We live in a semi-detached house, and our neighbours keep their wireless going full blast all day and most of the evening. What would you do in the circumstances?" Go mad.

P. Y. (Purley).—"While digging up some ground the other day I threw a stone behind me, and it sailed over the fence and hit my neighbour on the head. What do you think his remark was?" Candid.

H. M. (Doncaster).—"Rain was pouring through my neighbour's roof, and when I asked him why he didn't mend it he said it was impossible to do anything in such weather." And, of course, in fine weather there was no need to mend it.

G. W. (Burton).—"We have rather a lot of mice in the house, and I have not been very successful in catching them. Would you mind explaining carefully just what happens when you set a trap for a mouse?" The mouse eats the cheese and we catch our fingers in the trap.

B. J. (Banbury).—"I notice that some animals instinctively take cover when aeroplanes are overhead, and I have found myself in curious company when seeking shelter in the open country. Where do you think I finished up the other day?" Down by the old bull and bush?

(Side-Slips : See page 17)



OLD BILL : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Well, yer follers this road till yer comes to an 'ole, where there used to be a signpost. Then bear left till yer sees a post with only 'oles where the arms was. Take the road facin' the biggest 'ole . . ."

"JOHN BULL'S" WAR TIME PRIVILEGE BOOK SERVICE TO EVERY ONE OF ITS READERS

WONDERFUL ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ESSENTIAL KNOWLEDGE

Half
Guinea
WORK FOR
2/9

PLUS 1/-
WHICH INCLUDES
CARRIAGE, PACKING
INSURANCE, ETC.

THE WORLD'S
WONDER BOOK OF
**50,000
FACTS**

"EVERYBODY'S BOOK OF FACTS."

READERS! Here's just the book you need to make blackout evenings interesting and to enrich your mind with vital knowledge—"Everybody's Book of Facts." A vast library of essential knowledge in ONE invaluable volume—nearly 700 pages—nearly 50,000 of the very latest FACTS known to man about practically everything, from a grain of sand to stars millions of miles away. As a reader of "John Bull," you are privileged to secure a copy at the remarkably low privilege price. A truly amazing bargain! But you must act quickly. Supplies are limited. All applications will be dealt with in strict rotation. You send no money now. Post Order Label below at once.

★ Beginning with the birth of the World and the dawn of Life, this work gives you the vital facts relating to the mystery of life, sex and the human body—the marvels and miracles of nature—it reveals the amazing story and wonders of the world—it unfolds the amazing story of plant and tree life; it tells you of the peoples of the world, past and present—art and war—science—wireless—aviation, etc., etc.

For this lavishly illustrated book, bound in red maroon grained cloth, embossed in gold, all you send—**AFTER YOU RECEIVE YOUR INVOICE**—is only 2/9, plus 1/-, which includes carriage, packing, insurance, etc., making 3/9 in all.

DO THIS NOW Fill in Order Label below. Affix penny stamp and post at once in an unsealed envelope bearing a penny stamp to:—
"BOOK OF FACTS,"
PRESENTATION DEPT. J.F.1,
80, EARLHAM STREET,
LONDON, W.C.2 (FREE.).

The receipt of Order Label will be regarded as your definite order for this book. On its receipt "John Bull" will send an invoice by which you secure your book on the special privilege terms. You then send back this invoice together with your remittance and your volume will be dispatched carriage paid. HURRY! Post Order Label to-day.

PRACTICAL
INFORMATION
on over
**2,500
SUBJECTS**

Here is a very brief outline of just a few of the thousands of subjects dealt with in this great work.

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE
OUR WONDERFUL
BODIES
AWE-INSPIRING WONDERS OF THE UNIVERSE
THE MARVELS AND FORCES OF EARTH
MIGHTY SEAS AND THEIR SECRETS
EARTH'S TREASURE CHEST
THE MIRACLE OF PLANT LIFE
THE WONDERS OF ANIMAL LIFE
HUMANITY MARCHES ON ETC., ETC., ETC.

BOOK OF FACTS

Name

Full Postal Address

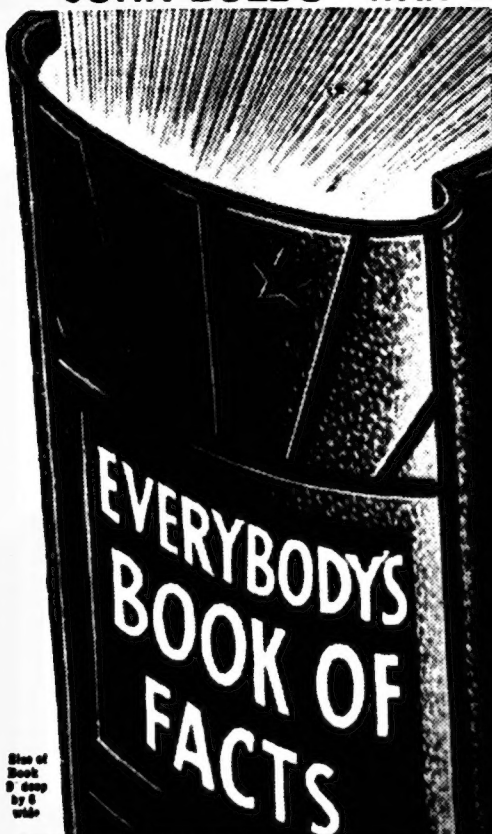
.....

Applies only to Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire.

J.F.1 14.9.40

A penny stamp MUST be affixed here by you.

Write in BLOCK LETTERS.



Size of Book 9 deep by 6 wide

POST THIS FORM AT ONCE

'BULLETS' and X-WORD PRIZES Value OVER

£125 **£500** **30/-** **MONTHLY** **for LIFE**

£20 **£100**

MUST BE WON THIS WEEK—ENTER NOW!

1,490 WINNERS THIS WEEK!

£100 First Prize—"Bullets" 1,235.
C. E. CHARLES, Middleton Cheney, Banbury.
 Shattered Homes—Freedom Never "Buried Beneath."

£20 Second Prize:

H. L. ROBERTS, 59, Beaconsfield Street, Liverpool.
 Surprising—Way Back "Less" Less!

£10 Third Prize:

F. W. PORTER, 47, Thirk Road, Northallerton, Yorks.
 Behind The Time-table—Hills—"Boys" Provided "Lesson"!

OTHER PRIZES:

100s.: R. C. Bingham, 5, Martell Road, S.E. Making History—
 Born Shameful Secret, Censor! 50s.: N. Cockshutt, 428, Whalley Rd.,
 Claxton-Moors, Accrington (G.S.). Shock For The Country—Grandpa
 Shopped—Looked—Lectured! 50s.: F. H. Juler, 255, Cleveland Road,
 Sunderland. British Lion—Bringing Civilization Back Africa. 50s.:
 I. Rice, 10, Cleveland Road, Paignton, S. Devon. When Winter Comes—
 Propaganda's "Blatant" Gossip, Hitler! 50s.: K. Patterson, 2,
 Wellsbury, Bath. Behind The Door—Bombard Optimist Replaced
 Horses! 75s.: R. H. Bath, 112, Rookley Moor Road, Spotted,
 Rochdale. For Us—Or Against Humanity, To-day. 75s.: B. Barnes,
 9, Sherris Highway, Sheriff Hill, Gatahead. How To Give "Em—
 We're Not Feeding Germany! 50s.: D. Whittingham, 50, Hale
 Lane, Mill Hill, Middx. Behind The Clouds—Out "Buses" Enticing
 Hike! 50s.: H. V. Nelson, 195, Station Road, Flamber Bridge, Preston.
 Flower of Freedom—Gandhi's Greeting, Near "Presby." 50s.: H. E.
 Corbitt, 62, Liverpool Road, Islington, N. Behind The Times—Our
 Village, Before War-time! 50s.: A. Payne, Oldhaywoods, Deepcar,
 Nr. Sheffield. In Dad's Way—Then It's "Pity Party!" 50s.: C. H.
 Simms, 39, Surrey Road, Reading. Our War Effort—Complete—
 Gony's Eating Grunts!

List of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 Surprise Award winners can be
 seen at these offices. The letters "G.S." after a winner's name denote
 that successful effort was submitted on Prize coupon.

RULES of these COMPETITIONS

'BULLETS' 1. First Prize will be awarded for what in the
 opinion of the judges, in consultation with the
 Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of
 merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The
 Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful
 consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal
 Order or Stamp Form provided must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN
 BULL, cross /s Co. /, write name and address on back. Coupons
 must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter
 of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be
 accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and
 acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Em-
 ployees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

X-WORDS

Work out Puzzle with guidance of Clues provided
 —all up entry-form in ink, not pencil—post (with
 necessary entry-fee) to bear postmark of not later than Saturday,
 September 21.
 Entry-fee at the rate of 3d. for each Puzzle Square completed
 must be submitted by Postal Order or stamp. If using Postal
 Order, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., cross /s Co. /
 and fill in its number on entry-form. If using STAMPS, write
 "Stamps" and their total value in P.O. space—such stamps to
 be affixed to Stamp Form provided below. No entrant may
 submit more than 16 Puzzle Squares or equivalent.
 Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues form
 the standard of excellence by which all entries for this Com-
 petition will be judged under the supervision of an expert Adjudica-
 tion Committee—decisions will be based on answers of entrants.
 Result and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John
 Bull" on sale Thursday, October 3; entries accepted only on
 the condition that the published result of the double adjudica-
 tion establishing Winners and Runners-up is regarded as final,
 and no responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not
 delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence can be entered into.
 Should First or any other prize be shared, the prize sum will
 be divided between entrants eligible to share it; not more than
 one First or Runners-up Prize, plus one other award, allowed to
 any one entrant. Rule 3 for Bullets, appearing above, applies
 also to Crosswords.

PRIVILEGE FOR H.M. FORCES

Readers in H.M. Forces are now privileged to submit
 entries for Crosswords and Bullets at HALF-
 RATE entry-fee, provided coupons are personally
 completed and Service rank is indicated.

380 WINNERS THIS WEEK!

Result and Winning Square—X-Word No. 217.

The following three competitors share £150, each receiving £50, for set
 of most meritorious Answers, seen in square on right.

C. E. GREEN, 4, Brook Road, Cuckfield, W.W.S.

R. QUERREY, 10, Eglinton Road, Putney, S.W.1A.

MR. E. SHORE, 6, Falkland Road, West End, Surrey.

225 First Runners-up Award is shared between 50 entrants, each receiv-
 ing 10s. Surprise Awards for each of 227 Second Runners-up.

WINNING WORDS. Across—1. Road. 2. Aim. 3. Cook. 4. Star. 11. Fine. 12. Power. 14. Hand.
 15. Scales. 16. Cob. Down—1. Name. 2. Work. 4. Mile. 7. Friend. 8. Hole or Rota. 9. Peg or Peg.
 10. Even. 11. Puma. 12. Pina. 13. See.

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were
 those in square above. Blank spaces indicate that at these points EAHN or EKH and PE or PET were
 regarded as Answers of equal merit.



WIN £125 FREE! If you submit Crossword Entry value 1s. or over you
 may enclose TWO "Bullets" FREE for current offer.

ACROSS CLUES

1. Beginner finds it's not really so easy to
play on one as it looks
2. If he can't avoid this, bully has to take
his medicine
3. One's speed may be reduced by this
11. Chap who's a rolling stone doesn't
worry about this
12. Steak can't fall very far if it's below this
to begin with
14. It's asking for trouble to do this on
slippery rock
15. One can usually go about easily if it's
well designed
16. It's naturally disappointing when ball is
hit badly by

DOWN CLUES

1. Special scenery sometimes has to be made
for a bit one
2. One can easily buy the kind of this
through which wire runs
4. Historians will look back into Hitler's
and say it was an ugly one
5. Adds to the difficulty of approaching
enemy country
7. Has to be cut short in some cases
8. Keen business men who go hard at it all
day have little time for
9. Visitors naturally like to see theirs served
well
10. Injudicious use of it is very apt to make
average chap ready to fight
11. Most of us think Hitler is this, despite
all his big talk
13. An unexpected one over desert might mean
easier progress for weary travellers

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these 'EXAMPLES'

BE A BRITON AND
 DICTATOR HUNGER
 HEARD IN THE SHELTER
 ARMY COOK
 GOING TO POT
 ON PAPER
 MISSED
 BELOW THE BELT
 SLEEPLESS NIGHT
 FOLLY

IN BANDAGES
 SADDER AND WISER
 IN THE DANGER ZONE
 WHEN GRANDPA'S ON GUARD
 LOSING
 DOWN—DOWN—DOWN
 JUST TOO BAD
 DEST OF GRATITUDE
 ONE MAN'S WORK
 IN THE GRIP OF THE NAZIS

Six "Examples" below
 are for completion with
 any ONE additional
 word of your choice in
 the position indicated by
 dotted line.
 DROP OF.....
 CONQUERED.....
 FAILING.....
 WINSTON.....
 HURRYING TO.....
 POISONOUS.....

ENTRY Send crossed P.O. (completed as
 directed in Rules) or stamps stuck
 to Form provided, at rate of 6d.
 for each two paid Bullets.

20 BONUSSES each value £1
 for entrants whose sets of FOUR "Bullets" on one
 coupon show most all-round merit.

STAMPS
 may be used
 as ENTRY-FEE
 —Stick them to
 this form and
 enclose with
 "Bullets" or
 Crosswords.

Example
 BULLET

Example
 BULLET

Example
 BULLET

Example
 BULLET

I agree to enter in accordance with
 Rules and enclose P.O. or Stamps,
 affixed to Stamp Form on left,
 for entry-fee as directed.

NAME

ADDRESS

P.O. value.... No.....

GET YOUR 'GAZETTE'
 To secure your POST
 FREE copy of Crossword
 "Bullets" & "Bullets"
 Bulletin dated October 5,
 you must affix 1d. stamp
 on adjoining space and
 address LABEL fully to
 yourself.

**APPLICANTS
 MUST AFFIX
 1d. STAMP
 HERE FOR
 "GAZETTE."**

NAME

ADDRESS

52.....

ADDRESS ENTRY Bullets No. 1230 "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2
 X-Word No. 220

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart



Take It!

The Wonder Tablet

-And Stop Limping

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical Remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and arousing to full activity the inherent healing powers of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of 'Elasto'. Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg ulcers (bad-leg) heal naturally and the cure is lasting, piles vanish and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto', the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.

Everybody is Asking—What is 'Elasto'?

THIS question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of curing through the blood. Your copy is Free, together with a generous Free Sample, see coupon below. Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation without which there can be no true healing! The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and to ensure this, vigorously circulating, oxygen-rich blood is absolutely essential. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read What Users of 'Elasto' Say:

"No signs of varicose veins now."

"Completely healed my varicose ulcers."

"Now free from piles."

"Cured my rheumatism and neuritis."

"After being indoors for 18 months I can now walk quite well. My heart is stronger and all the pain has left my legs."

"Heart is quite sound again now."

"The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone and I can do a full day's work, keeping on my legs all day."

"Elasto has quite cured my eczema."

"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but 'Elasto' cured me."

Here's Good News! You Can Test 'Elasto' Free!

Simply fill in the Coupon below for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet, fully explaining 'Elasto', the new Biomedical Remedy. These, together with copies of testimonials, showing what 'Elasto' has done for others, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it—AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE 'ELASTO' MAKES! THIS OFFER IS TOO GOOD TO BE MISSED. 'Elasto' is Sold by Chemists Everywhere. 'ELASTO' (Dept. 15), CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.1.

COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL SAMPLE OF 'ELASTO' ★

'ELASTO' (Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1. Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, fully explaining how 'Elasto', The Great Blood Revitaliser, cures through the blood. (J.B. No. 14940.)

NAME

ADDRESS

Issued by the New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.

Elasto will save you pounds!

In times like these you need a Tonic like this!



You need a reliable tonic, and IRON 'JELLOIDS' have been recommended by doctors as a reliable tonic for over forty years past. And you must have an iron tonic, for iron is necessary to maintain the vigour of your blood and to energise your bodily functions.

IRON 'JELLOIDS' contain blood-restoring, energising iron in a form in which, because of an exclusive protective process, it is ever-fresh and readily assimilated. IRON 'JELLOIDS' are convenient and easy-to-take; they cannot injure the teeth and they improve the digestion.

As a famous physician has written:

"Iron 'Jelloids' present us with an efficient manner of administering iron in the most convenient and successful form yet known. Iron 'Jelloids' may be taken with the sure knowledge that benefit will accrue and that the former sufferer will regain health of body and happiness of mind."

Iron is not so much a medicine as an essential constituent of your body! If you had no iron in your system you would die; if you have insufficient iron, if you are iron-starved, you are bound to be anemic, debilitated, depressed and "under the weather."

Build up your iron-strength now—start a course of IRON 'JELLOIDS' with your next meal! You will be surprised how soon you will begin to feel better in every way, every day.

Iron Jelloids

For WOMEN: No. 2. For MEN: No. 2A (containing quinine).

fortify you with IRON-strength!

All chemists and stores, 1/3 and 3/-.

The word 'Jelloids' is regd. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture.

COUPON FOR FREE BOOK

The Iron Jelloid Co. Ltd. (Dept. 1187) Wastford. Please send your booklet "IRON-STARVATION, The Thief of Health and Strength."

Name

Address

J.B. 14910

Post UNsealed under r.d. stamp. Use BLOCK letters

EMERGENCY TREATMENT OF SKIN INJURIES

SAFETY FIRST

Be prepared for an emergency and keep Cuticura Brand Ointment in your First Aid Kit. It brings instant soothing relief to cuts, burns, skin lacerations—prevents spread of infection, quickly heals. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores, 1/3 and 2/6 a tin.

Cuticura OINTMENT

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

Cash your Coupons

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for 5/6 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles you to a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD nib, tridium tip, and pocket clip. GUARANTEED 5 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any date) will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 5/6 plus 3d. postage and insurance. USE LUXE unbreakable, 1/- EXTRA. State if fine, medium or broad nib. Address—"JOHN BULL" PEN DEPARTMENT 124-126, LONG ACHE, LONDON, W.C.2.

F. J.B.L. 65 141 123